

THE TORONTO FREE PRESS
NO. 2554 TORONTO, DEC. 24, 1927
WILLIAM MAXTED
LITH. COMMISSIONER

The WAR CRY

Christmas

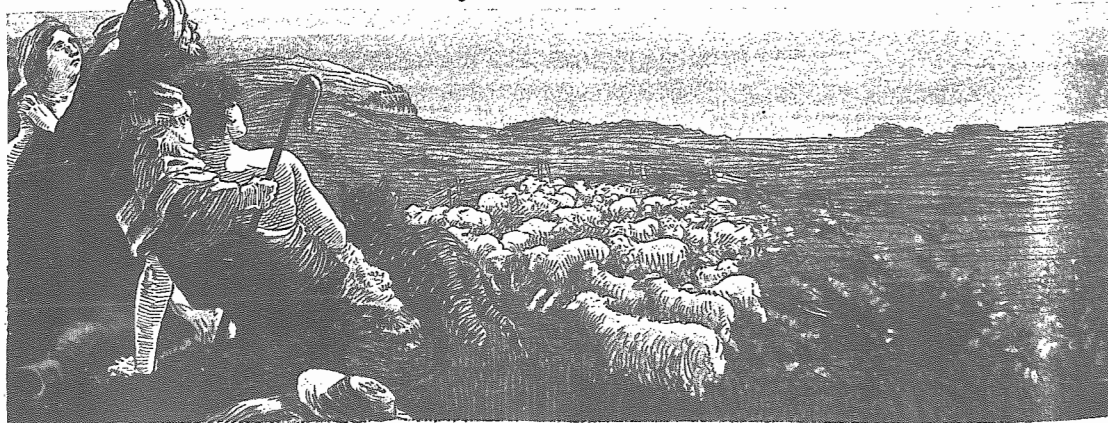
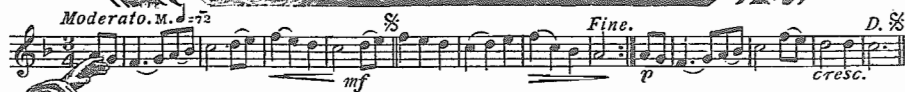
1927



THE FIRST NOEL



For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. — Isaiah 9: 6



THE SONG OF THE ANGELS

H EAVENLY beings always put the things of Heaven first. Our Lord Jesus Christ placed ever the thoughts of unseen and eternal glory before the trifles of earth. I have been much impressed with the order of the prayer which Jesus gave His disciples. Before teaching them to ask for daily bread, or the forgiveness of sins, or deliverance from evil, or protection in time of temptation, He taught them to pray that the Kingdom of God might come, and that His will might be done on earth as it is in Heaven. He put Heavenly things first. God was the center of His thought and desire, and this that He would teach His disciples. He loves to honor God. God is supreme in His thought.

That Jesus taught His disciples what He Himself practised, we learn from His prayer in John 17. Alone, deserted, on the eve of the denial of Peter and the great betrayal, His thought was for the glory of the Father. He asked that while men put Him to utter shame, the Father would glorify Him, but only that He might in turn glorify the Father.

And so with the Heavenly host which appeared over the plain of Bethlehem. The first note of their song was, "Glory to God in the Highest." They put Heavenly things first. God was foremost in their thought, then His glory; afterwards they sang: "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

The Law and the Gospel are but the law and the spirit of Heaven projecting themselves into this world. They are introduced among men for their salvation, for their guidance, and for the direction of their lives, their desires, their aspirations. All who seek to keep God's law and who embrace the Gospel are introduced into the life and spirit of Heaven and become citizens of Heaven. As Heavenly beings, therefore, they must put Heavenly things first; they must live the life of Heaven upon earth. In the light of these truths, the Christmas song of the angels, sung over the sleepy little town of Bethlehem, becomes a guide to us in these days. Our chief business is to give glory to God, to put Him first in our lives, to have a divine jealousy for His honor. This spirit of seeking God's glory first will make us fight sin. We shall hate sin because it robs God of His own—of His right and His glory in man. One who has this spirit would rather die than commit sin, because God is first in his love. All his affections embrace God, and his heart mourns and sobs, and breaks, or waxes hot with holy indignation when he sees God dishonored, rejected, and unloved.

This spirit will lead us out to warfare for God. He who possesses it cannot sit still while the devil has his own way and while God is robbed and wronged. It leads him to go out and plead with men, exhort men, command men, compel men to turn from their evil ways, to give up sin, to yield their hearts to God, and to love and serve Him.

This spirit makes sacrifice a joy and service a delight. Everything that a man with this spirit has is at God's disposal; he gives his whole life for the glory of the Lord. He only wishes that he had a thousand lives, and could live a thousand years to fight God's battles. Oh, blessed is the man that is so filled with this spirit of Heaven that he puts Heavenly things first, and sings on earth while the angels sing in Heaven: "Glory to God in the Highest!"

It is only in proportion as this spirit possesses men and takes possession of the earth that the second note of the Christmas song of the angels becomes possible, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

No Brotherhood Where There is No Fatherhood

We live in an age when the brotherhood of man is much spoken about, both in exhortation and in literature, but there can be no brotherhood where there is no fatherhood. Brothers must have a common father and brothers who disown or neglect their father have not the spirit which will make it possible long to live at peace with or show goodwill towards each other. We shall have peace on earth and goodwill among men, and we shall have it when everywhere men recognize God's Fatherhood and will give God the glory which is His.

Oh, how peacefully men live together, and how they love one another when they get right with God! How a revival in which souls get truly converted settles old grudges, and local quarrels, and family disputes, and other wranglings and strivings of men!

The Bible declares that there is a good time coming, when men will learn war no more, when they will be ashamed to attack one another in war, when war colleges will be done away with. May that day hasten! But it will hasten only as God's kingdom comes first. We may talk about the brutalities of war, about the widows and orphans that mourn their beloved slain, about the young men that are shattered and torn by shot and shell, and about the utter waste of property; but it is only as holy men prevail over unholy men, by winning the world to love God, that the glad time foretold by the prophet will be brought about.

Desire for God's Glory Makes Peacemakers

Solomon said: "Only by pride cometh contention." At the heart of every quarrel, at the beginning of every brawl, and in the hate and fury of every war, pride will be found—pride of opinion, of wit or wisdom, of physical strength, of position, or reputation, or of power. Truly humble men never begin a strife. They "speak softly," they are "swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath"; they "seek peace and pursue it."

And this desire for God's glory makes peacemakers of men. They love their fellows because they are dear to the heart of God. A tender feeling of



sympathy, and love, and brotherhood steals into their hearts, takes captive all their affections, fills them with love of God's will, banishes hatred, disarms suspicion, and establishes within them God's Kingdom of "Righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

It is this spirit that has made our Slum Officers mightier than police officials in the dark alleys and fetid cellars and garrets of London and New York. It was this that gave William Penn and David Brainerd such Heavenly power over the wild Indians of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and that enabled John Gibson Paton to work such miracles of Salvation in the Southern Islands of the Pacific Ocean.

by
Commissioner S. L. Brengle.

Unless influenced by this spirit, the nations will go on building dreadnoughts while their proud hearts are quaking with nameless dread; they will cast great guns and invent submarines and airships for the destruction of men. But let every humble lover of Jesus Christ catch the spirit and sing the Christmas song of the angels, assured that God is on the side of the men of peace who love Him and seek His glory, and have hearts which brim over with goodwill.

Our God is "the God of peace." Let us wait on Him in fervent prayer and faith for the fulfilment of the angels' song, and put away hate and suspicion and strife forever from our hearts that, as far as in us lies, His will may be done on earth as it is done in Heaven. He has made the nations of one blood. May they become of one spirit! It is our mission to make them so.

How shall we do this? How can I, a poor, weak, short-sighted, single-handed man, help to fill the world with peace and goodwill?

Helping to Fill the World with Peace

In the first place by keeping my own heart with all diligence, and letting the peace of God rule in it. To this end, if anyone wrongs me, I must beware of harboring ill-will toward him and of thinking how I can get even with him. I must remember how much worse Jesus was treated, and how He prayed for His enemies—for the men who were doing Him to death and mocking Him in His agony. I must be filled with His blessed, loving, meek, forgiving spirit. It is no sin to be tempted to be angry, and revengeful; but it is a sin if I yield to this temptation.

I must also be a man of peace in my own family and community, in my Corps or church. I must seek to soothe instead of irritate the people about me, remembering that "a soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

Also, the greatest, most important work of all, though I cannot enter into the council of kings and presidents, and war lords, and in such high places work for peace among the nations, I can enter into my closet and pray for these great men with their heavy burdens of care and perplexity and responsibility, asking God to guide and help them to rule the world in peace.

Indeed, we are exhorted to do this. Here is blessed and important kneework for every humble Salvation Soldier, in which he may nightly help to prevent war and maintain the peace of the world. Listen to Paul: "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplication, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty."

If Salvationists in all lands will pray in love and faith, they can help to establish the peace of the world. Blessed be God!

ABU THE ARAB

By Lieut-Colonel
William
Nicholson

“THERE LIVED in the days of shadows a prophot who was more than a prophet, who was great and bold and good. And He, the Mighty One, walked with Allah in the noon-day glory while the lion slept and the jackal was silent.” So spake the One from Afar to Abu the camel man.

“Great is Allah, and Mohammed is His prophot,” cried young Abu.

“His was a teaching of pity,” said the One from Afar. “No sword was in His hand, no blood was on His garment. Bless your foos; curse no man, who His great teaching of love. And men grew glad at His words, and were filled with the brother-spirit.”

“While the village dogs passed like foomen in the darkness ere the big light rose, He left the haunts of men for the lair of the wild, and the dogs were quiet, my son, I fear when the Holy One went to the place of prayer where Allah came down and talked with the One who was great and bold and good.”

“By the beard of the prophot, these are wonder words! But is the saying true, O One from Afar?”

“My words are not the words of a cunning magic; they are great words, and the saying is a true one.”

“By the only true God, tell me more, O One from Afar! Allah be praised for your message of the Mighty One. Was He sure as the antelope, gentle as the gazelle, graceful as the palm tree, sweet as cooling waters to a thirsty camel man? Came He from Mecca, or the City of the Towers? Passed He swift as the Caliphs’ steed from villayet to villayet, and were the leagues of the desert of sand as naught to the Wonderful One? Tell me, O One from Afar! for, by Allah and the holy Koran, this was a Prophot—a Prophot worthy to enter the sacred tent. There was a Child of the sun and the stars, who came from the feet of Allah!”

And the One from Afar spake words soft and low, while the swift shadows fell, and the stars shone out from the velvet sky.

“Great was the magic of the Mighty One!” cried Abu. “To give drink to the thirsty, and food unto him who is an hungered, is a good work, and it is according to the teaching of Allah and the prophot. But to restore him whom the sun has blinded, and the big light of evening has smitten with madness, is a magic of a thousand years. That a prophot should make alive by a touch and give strength to the palsied limb, is more than a magic, if the saying is a true one.”

“It is a true one, my son.”

“As Allah is great, and Mohammed is His prophot, then this was a Prophot from the throne of the only true God.”

“I would hear more, but the caravan starts at the rising of the moon, and there are leagues to cover ere the sun is as a fiery spear.” Thus spake Abu, and he spake in Arabic; for he knew but little of the tongue of the One from Afar, and he arose to depart, while the One from Afar sang softly in the night a hymn to the Mighty One. And Abu, the Arab camel man, hearkened to the words. They were as sweet as water to the thirsty, and they sang in his heart. They were words golden as the risen sun, bright as the stars in the velvet sky. The One from Afar sat with soul moved by the words which told of acclamation to the Name of the Holy One of Whom he spake; of shining white ones who knelt before Him; of the bringing of the diadem of Allah to place on the brow which was pierced. Soft and low sang the stranger, softer and lower. And when Abu, the camel man, took his leave, in the eyes of the stranger shone a great light which Abu would fain have seen, but the mist of the morning was before his vision, and he saw not; but the golden words of the hymn went with him, and they sang in his heart. And though the march was long, and the heat was great, and Abu grew tired and thirsty, the leagues were as nothing for the gladness which came to his heart, where the words of the Great One were singing.

“Allah is great! Allah be praised!” He cried exultantly. “The news is good, and if the saying is true, I would be a believer if the One from Afar could teach me this teaching of love.”

Abu the Arab despised the infidel, even as did his fathers before him. Until he saw, and heard the One from Afar, he was a true son of his tribe, caring naught for what happened before the coming of Islam, save what was



written in the holy writings of the lives of the prophets, priests and patriarchs. Away many leagues from his father, had he not spent many days under the very shadow of the Tabor, walking the holy places where the feet of the patriarchs had trod? And, though he knew it not, the Mighty One of whom the stranger had spoken had passed even where he passed. And after many years in the valleys, where the gardens are fresh and green, he walked weary and restless, crying to Allah, for his

spirit was sad. When the muezzin called he answered always, but his soul was heavy within him for the peace he longed for but could not find. Fatima of the shining eyes looked for his smile in vain; and she who bore him said, “Son of my heart, is it well with thee?” The grace of the beautiful Fatima who wept secretly by the well, and the sorrowing of his mother, were as naught to him while he was as a thirsty spirit longing only for the waters of

the Living Stream.

Then met he the One from Afar, whose message from Allah was as light to the blind, drink to the hungry, a shadow from the heat. Then heard he the story of the Prophot who was more than a prophot, to whom Allah, the one and only true God, spake, as it is written. Then did the spirit in him kindle a desire after the way of truth; and because the moon rose early he had to go forth with the camels

many leagues to where the great sea lapped the shore, and the tribesmen of the One from Afar, clad in red like the banners of an army, blue like the desert sky, and gold like the sun, came in a great ship from the West—came not with curses and baksheesh and scorpions, like some, but with great tidings. While he sang the words of the hymn dear to the One from Afar his heart was knit with love for him. He would exclaim: love him as a child, be his true faith; let the tongue be palsied which would not call the One from Afar a son of the tribe. He should be a brother of the blood who should sleep on his ankerb and drink from his cup, for he loved him with a great love.

When the caravan reached the place where the great sea laps the shore, and the tribesmen of the One from Afar came in the great ship from the West, there was a stir in the quarter where the children of all nations walk—a host of people from other lands. Abu would fain have passed, for the hubbub was loud, and the sound of music and singing was not in tune with his spirit, which was sad with a strange sadness; for since noon, when the sun was hot, and he was parched with the desert sand, and the camels were cursed with stubbornness, his mind would not bring the magic words which made the music which was so sweet to his spirit ere the young moon rose and the caravan started from the place where he had met the One from Afar.

Lo, like magic, his sadness went! For the words of the hymns of the One from Afar were ringing like the song of angels. It was a great rapture. Abu stood as one whom the prophot exalts to Paradise and his heart leaped for joy within, and he choked as when the sandstorm blew and the mists of the morning were in his eyes. Pressing nearer and nearer through the crowd of many lands, the golden words rang out clear and clearer. These were not in Arabic; but he had caught their teaching, and he had listened well to the One from Afar, and in his heart he divined their meaning; for was he not an Arab and a son of the faithful! There were nigh unto three-score of the tribesmen of the One from Afar who had come from the great ship to sing the wonderful words:

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bringing forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.”

In the joy of hearing them, Abu forgot the long journey over the desert, and the sand and the stubborn camels, and he sang the words soft and low, like the One from Afar, and the light came into his eyes, and he knew it not, but sang and sang for the very joy of life.



Christ Glorified in the Commonplace

THE GENERAL'S CHRISTMASTIDE WISH

THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST was the central fact of a great company of facts. It was the chief Event amidst a world of events. I sometimes think that we may better understand and realize the full significance of our Lord's coming into our human life—in human form—in human agency, if we attend a little carefully to the lessons which may be learned from the surrounding circumstances of His advent as well as from the study of the great Event itself. Reading the Gospel narratives with the references made to them in the New Testament as a whole, we cannot but feel the importance of the details which are so carefully described as being intended for some purpose. Everything that happened in those memorable days has some lesson, some truth, to teach us. Everything throws some ray of light on the grand central truth—our Saviour is born—our King has really come!

Let us, then, with reverence and love, look around on the facts of the first Christmas morning, and watch for a moment or two with humble gratitude and joy for those lessons the great Teacher would have us learn.

I.—SUFFERING

It was amid the solemn sufferings of His mother that the Babe entered our life. The early sojourn of Jesus, both as child and man, really began in the pain and weakness of Mary, and it would seem that from that starting-place, suffering became His daily companion to the very end. Nothing more beautiful or more true has ever been said of Him than the Apostle's words to the Hebrews that "it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their Salvation perfect through sufferings."

Now is not here a light thrown upon our own path? If the perfect obedience and completeness of a perfect character in the Divine Son were won through the medium of His sufferings, shall we not also be ready for that measure of suffering which falls to us? Shall we not submit ourselves in faith to the Holy Will which ordains or permits it? Shall we not anticipate and expect it rather than dread it? And shall we not consecrate and sanctify it, and let it help us on to that highway of holiness to which our Divine Master calls us?

Then answered the Lord to the cry of His world: "Shall I take away pain."

And with it the power of the soul to endure.

Made strong by the strain?

Shall I take away pity that knits heart to heart,

And sacrifice high?

Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire

White brows to the sky?

Shall I take away love that redeems with a price

And smiles at its loss?

Can ye spare from your lives, that would climb

unto Mine,

The Christ on His Cross?"

An old writer on this subject says, "Christian perfection comes through Christian suffering," and although that does not perhaps contain all the truth, it is nevertheless quite true that just as the sufferings and obedience of Jesus led Him to the attainment of His great perfection—perfection which is for the whole world and for all time—so suffering, sanctified by the Grace of God, will lead us step by step to the liberty and victory and perfection of the Kingdom of God.

Have we not often seen, do we not see now, how those who fail in this—who, instead of accepting, resist the dispensation of suffering, and murmur against it—miss that strength and sweetness of character which it was intended to bring in, which in fact when sanctified it does bring in? And more than that, do we not see how they fail, and openly fail, to reach the high places of usefulness which it was so apparent God had planned for them? Do we not sometimes think and say, "Yes, it is very sad, they lose their way"? And

when we say this we mean that if their suffering had not been sanctified it would have proved their guide.

II.—HUMILITY

But let us look again into this dimly-lighted stable. Surrounded by the silent beasts of the field and lying before them in one of the mangers from which they take their food is the King of Glory, the first-born of the Sons of God. Could



anything be more significant of deep humiliation before men as well as before God? Could anything be more a token of the truest simplicity and humility?

Well, have we not in this a foreshadowing of one of the greater principles of the Christ-life in us? Humility is the creation of Christianity and Christian experience. The old world scarcely dreamed of it, especially as a thing to be desired or sought after. We see in this our own day, both in the life of nations and in the lives of individuals, how little the spirit of the world tolerates it. Nay, we see how the spirit of the world despises or hates it, while calling loudly for all that belongs to self and self-assertion and self-seeking—to pride, and the praise of men, and self-confidence—to vain conceits and vain glory.

The world cries out, "Be yourself—think of yourself—do yourself well—do not be left behind—do not be left out—do not think yourself unworthy of any gift that Almighty God can bestow." Alas, how far is all this from Bethlehem and from the gentle mother, and the humble dependence and simple humility of the Child.

But it may be said our Lord stood forth as a great Person, claiming to be equal with God. Yes, there is no doubt that there was a wonderful self-assertion about His character which played no little part in securing His influence upon men. But the self-assertion of Jesus is not the self-assertion of an independent self; it is rather that of a self which has no interest save God's Cause, and no glory that is not His. Indeed, over all that we know of Him, from the Manger to the

Cross, may be written His own words: "Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

How do you stand in this matter? The great test is found in your estimate of yourself in relation to others. To be humble towards God is really a very small matter. It is, as some one says, no great humility in a fly to esteem itself nothing in comparison with a mountain. It is no great humility in a drop of water to esteem itself nothing in comparison with the ocean. Humility is best seen in not esteeming ourselves above others, and not desiring to be so esteemed by them.

III.—SOME COMMON THINGS

But I am looking again at that strange group in the Stable. It does not surprise me that all the great artists for two thousand years have lingered around that most commonplace, and yet most wonderful, gathering. The thoughts of unnumbered multitudes have striven to visualize that scene. So we may look, and as we look it seems to me as if everything has become suddenly exalted because of the presence of the Babe. The rough, untidy place itself, littered with the straw of the farmyard, has become a Sanctuary. The crude fittings, the old-fashioned implements, the ordinary cattle, the stony floor, the water-troughs, and the mangers—are they not all in some way transfigured by the new Presence? Notwithstanding all their roughness, are they not now like unto consecrated things—yes, even holy things—because, and just because, the Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord, has come among them? They are still the common farmyard things they were before, and yet they have become different, so different, so memorable.

And the common people as well as the common things were there. Mary had some friends, and it was early in His life that Jesus showed the spirit of true friendship as exercising an influence upon Him. He made friends. He trusted them. He chose them from among the ordinary people of His acquaintance, and they who had been nothing without Him became important and striking characters simply from having His presence and His friendship.

So again I see light upon the common life of to-day. It is not so much, after all, that to lead a holy life we need new things—a new body—a new home—a new employment—new friendships—new family conditions. What a delusion is this notion, so common in the minds of multitudes, that they need to change their circumstances in order to realize the fullness of happiness and peace. No, the great need is that Jesus Christ, this same Jesus, should come amongst us, that we should bring Him into the humble, simple, ordinary, commonplace things of daily life and experience. If only He will come He will make all things new.

Ah, do we not see how the most ordinary life—the most unnoticed—the most needy, can be uplifted and purified by this? How often do I hear it said, "Oh, if only I had this or that—if only I was there or yonder—if only I could change these things in my life for those—then all would be well with me—then I could be saved—then I could be sanctified—then I could walk in white—then I could say, 'Thy will, my God, be done.'"

Believe me, this is a great mistake. What we really need is that Jesus should come and fill the house. Just that, for that will bring all. Humility, patience, love, prayer, faith, purity, joy in believing, strength in sorrow, victory in temptation, peace that passeth understanding—all—all shall then be ours because they are all His and His to give.

Comrades and friends, may I beg of you this Christmas, and will you accept this as my Christmastide wish: Do not let there be any place, any plan or purpose or hope or affection in your life, to which He is not welcome, to which He may not come as Saviour and King.

PREPARING THE WORLD FOR CHRISTMAS

By
Ensign
John Wood

CHRISTMAS!—what pleasurable thrills the magic word conveys. It breathes an old-world fragrance—of three Oriental sages, of a singing host of Heavenly visitants, of adoring peasant-shepherds and of a rude stable, wherein was sheltered the new-born Christ—the Christ of Christmas.

But what of the inner meaning of Christmas? Are we not too prone to take this sacred festival as a matter of course? to enjoy Christmas and forget Christ?

Christmas is the pivot of God's plan of the ages, and the history of how God schooled the nations in preparation for this epoch is as fascinating as the Christmas festival is delightful. Let us trace God's marvellous method of preparation.

We first read of this Divine plan in the third chapter of Genesis. The circumstances preceeding God's intimation of the plan are sordid indeed. The chapter begins with the dreary recital of our grandparents' seduction, revolt, resultant loss of Eden and—what was of far greater consequence—the forfeiture of Divine favor.

Sacrifices

But the Spirit-inspired pen of Moses did not confine itself wholly, in this wonderful chapter, to chronicling Man's shameful violation of a sacred trust. Sweet is mixed with the bitter. A Saviour was promised!—one Who should cancel the evil effects of the Fall and restore to man his rightful heritage.

Thus, the thought of Christmas—that occurrence which should mark the advent of this Redeemer—was first expressed.

God's plan for His people's redemption was perfect, but the beneficiaries of His plan, through certain of whom it was necessary that He should work, proved themselves sadly incompetent.



God put the fast-multiplying human race to school. For four thousand years he taught these backward pupils, through the Jewish Nation, whilst He sought to prepare them for the consummation of the Edenic promise.

The idea of a blood sacrifice was promulgated in the first method of preparation instituted by God—of worship, and whether worship was conducted on desolate hill-top or in magnificent Temple, the Levitical injunction, "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul," was the motivating thought of the worshippers.

Prophecies

Another most potent agency of preparation was indubitably that of prophecy. Through a number of honored human mouthpieces, chosen from men and women of high and low rank, God condescended to reveal His mind. He permitted them to vision a glimmering of that promised fulgence—that which prompted the Prophet Isaiah to exclaim in sublime language:

"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city: . . . shake thyself from

the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion. For thus saith the Lord, ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money."—Isaiah 52:1-3.

The Messianic prophecies provide a fascinating subject for study, no less than for the edification of the soul. That men—in some instances called from the plough or the sheep-fold, or from like humble occupations—should be able to penetrate the veil of future centuries and divulge their mysteries is nothing short of marvellous. That these privileged servants foretold, even in a general sense, the advent of a Messiah, was in itself remarkable, but that they were able to catalogue his genealogy, place of birth, adoration by the Magi, and many other phases of His life as well as of His Death and Resurrection is truly amazing.

These prophecies describe the human nature of the Messiah, but this represented only a part of the Divine revelation. Still speaking "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," these Divine foretellers revealed the character and offices of the Promised One. He was to be the Son of God, sang the Psalmist, and, mysteriously enough, He would be the Son of Man, he further explained. Abraham alludes to Him as The Word of the Lord; Jacob as Shiloh; Job as the Redeemer and Mediator, and others ascribe to Him the exalted offices of Prophet, Priest, King, Leader, Chief Captain and Lord of Hosts.

Thus, with deft and obedient hand, the Prophets contributed to the pattern, which was gradually resolving itself into a complete and exquisite whole.

The Dispersion

The third great factor in the Plan of Preparation was The Dispersion of the Jews. It is a paradox, and yet a truism, that from apparent chaos and defeat God wrested success and achieved His purpose—

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors; Amid these earthly dangers. What seem to us but sad funeral tapers May be Heaven's distant lamps."

It was in the "dark disguise" of the Jews' defeat and departure into captivity that "celestial benedictions" were conveyed to other nations and from thence to the whole world. For nearly three thousand five hundred years God's chosen people had preserved their identity as an individual nation, and although imbibing the teachings of Jehovah and slowly, they retained these lessons with a pertinacity peculiarly Jewish. They lived, too, in hourly expectancy of the Messianic King. Thus

the time was ripe for the dissemination of these teachings, especially that of a Saviour whose mission was to "save His people from their sins."

This was achieved mainly through the captivity of the twelve tribes. Through this medium the great world empires of that day—Assyria, Babilonia and Persia—were influenced as they could never otherwise have been. At the time of Christ's coming, the people of Israel were scattered far and wide. "In such cities as Alexandria and Antioch, they formed a large proportion of the inhabitants and were in religious belief and practice the same as if they had remained in Palestine. But the root-principle of their life was their respect for moral law, and this drew on them the regard of men of other nations. The Jews' faith in their religion, with the hope that inspired them, induced many of other creeds to embrace it; and these at the beginning of the Christian era were, under the name of Proselytes, reckoned at thousands upon thousands, if not even millions. Among this class, not excluding the Jews of the dispersion themselves, Christianity found its earliest converts, and through them, it won its way into the hearts of their heathen neighbors."

Had the time of fulfilment come? Was the world prepared for the advent of its Emancipator? Studying the question from the human angle, it would seem that the world was not ready. But God thought otherwise, and as His ways and thoughts are as high above ours as the heavens



are above the earth, He must be right. "When the fulness of the time was come," declares Paul, "God sent forth His Son."

Praise God that the "fulness of the time" has come and that we have a share in its benedictions!

The Great Fact of Christmas

by Mrs. Booth

I WISH all my readers a happy Christmas and a glad New Year. What a great fact happiness is! How generous a gift of the Creator is our capacity for happiness, given, without respect of persons, to all!

I would remind you that if you are to be happy, it will chiefly depend upon yourself. A happy Christmas—this good old English phrase largely points us to the way of happiness, but I fear its meaning is too often obscure. We use the words apart from their real meaning. We think happy thoughts, perhaps, in connection with Christmas; thoughts of friendly re-unions, of gifts and pleasures, of holidays and excursions, of feasts and excitement—all these things Christmas brings to many. And in thinking of Christmas, many think of all these things, not at all of what the Word speaks, not at all of the Christ of Christmas.

Christmas day is a notable anniversary. Let us remind one another that Jesus Christ came to be with us. The Christ is the central figure of the Christmas feast. He is the great fact. *He came. He really did come. He came from Heaven to earth, that we might go from earth to Heaven.*

HE CAME TO HIS OWN, though His own received Him not. They cast Him from them. They cried, "Not this man but Barabbas!" But He came to them.

HE CAME TO CALL SINNERS TO REPENTANCE. Yes, He comes today in this same way. Morning and evening, Summer and Winter, by His Spirit in the hearts of His followers, He is calling still to sinners.

LAST Autumn, returning one evening from a long journey by motor, I felt rather depressed by the crowds of apparent pleasure-seekers streaming along the roads. I had not been cheered by any glimpse of Salvation Army uniform, other than that of the comrade sitting by my side, and the crowds depressed me with the feeling that God, Whose beautiful sun had been shining all the day long, seemed so utterly forgotten. Suddenly a little crowd at the corner of a side street attracted our attention. It was a Salvation Army Open-air Meeting, with the Flag and a small group of uninformed Salvationists, and a few crowd of outsiders. They were praying, and joy again took possession of me as I thought



that our land, on this Saturday evening, contained hundreds of such groups, bearing their testimony and sending out the call to sinners.

HE CAME FORTH FROM THE FATHER to do the will of Him that sent Him; to show what the Father wants of His sons and daughters here below; to be our example—this beautiful Christ of Christmas.

THINK of His coming. He came to be near to sinners and offenders. Not only did He come to the world; not only did He become a partaker of flesh and blood as we are, but He came near to us in feeling and thought. Separate He is from sinners, yet how near to them He comes. He is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." He is able to succor those that are tempted, because "He himself hath suffered being tempted." Yes, He came to be on our plane, not a high and lofty one, but a meek and lowly Jesus.

What a lesson is this for us who are Salvationists! We are to follow Him in this nearness to sinners. How the destroyer of souls tries to come into our holiest things, and just when we are most blessed, to bring us into the spirit of the Pharisee! In those precious moments when we ought to speak with God and tell Him of our own shortcomings, like the Pharisee who "prayed

with himself," we pray with ourselves, and thank God that we are not as others are, and review our good deeds. When this spirit enters, we make a gulf between ourselves and the poor sinners. They cannot pass over to come to us, they feel our separateness, and we feel no desire to draw near to them. Our self-righteousness repels them.

If you are a wearer of the beautiful words, "The Salvation Army," let the Christ of Christmas speak to you of His nearness to sinners, of His accessibility, of His tenderness, of His understanding sympathy, and remember that in this He left an example that you should follow in His steps. He wants through you to be near to those that are afar off.

His coming is shown in the idea of His calling to us. He is calling to sinners, "Come unto Me, I am the Saviour of sinners." Wherever there is a sinner ready to seek Him, there He is ready to pardon and save.

"If I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Are you exalting Him in this sense, my comrades? Can He sound the call to sinners through you? Has He given to you the power He gave to His first followers, so that you can take the lame by the hand, and bid them rise up and walk?

Best of all, He not only came, but He remains with us. "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." *His coming was an abiding.* How very much this means: His cheer, His assurance, His word in our heart: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

HAS He come to you, my comrade, in this way, overcoming in you the world and all that is unlike Himself? You came to Him as a sinner. You have received pardon and peace. And now His great desire is to abide with you that His victory may be yours. This He cannot do until you are willing that He should possess you fully. He says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Jesus has come. He is here. If you receive Him you will be made like Him. We also may be sons and daughters of God. But if Christ be rejected, then life, happiness, peace, and all that is worth having is also rejected.

May your Christmas be happy in the true sense of His having come, and of His abiding presence!

CHRISTMAS-EVE and the San Francisco express stuck at a tiny prairie station, in the heart of a raging blizzard.

How long would it last? The weather prophets were not sanguine. "If we pull out of this in two days, we'll be lucky," opined the engine-driver, who had seen such blizzards before. No use courting disaster by driving through a snowstorm in which you couldn't see a yard ahead!

There was nothing for it but to make the best of things—and keep Christmas on the train.

The choicest stores in the travelling kitchen, were brought out for a feast. The rich passengers arranged a concert and dance, and all pro-

pared to be merry—when some one thought of the two Salvationists aboard.

"Why, what about them?" asked one of the organizers, impatiently.

"You can ask them to come, but they won't, if I know anything about Salvationists," answered the other, "and they're the only passengers who will be out of it. A pity—but they're good people."

The other stood in deep thought.

"They will come," he declared at last; "they'll come to the beginning, anyway. I'll ask them to open with prayer!"

Our young Officer and his wife, who were on their way to the port to embark for service in China, heard the odd request with surprise, but also with pleasure. They discerned the spirit of goodwill behind it, and

also a chance of giving an upward turn to what threatened to be a rather wildly hilarious gathering.

So they decided to make the best of their "turn" on the program.

People in gay garb, who looked rather stiff and bored when the young Salvationists appeared in their neat uniform, found themselves laughing and clapping before the Adjutant was through with his cheerful story, which carried the right sort of lesson. His wife sang a sweet Christmas song, softly accompanied by her husband's concertina, and clapping broke out with vigor.

When at length they knelt to offer thanks for Christmas, and its gift, there was a general hush, and most heads were bowed. Then the pair slipped away.

Christmas in a Blizzard



THE NATIVE TRIBES OF CANADA

An Informative Article concerning the Indians inhabiting the vast regions beyond the Great Lakes, their Customs, Languages and Beliefs

By Rev. John MacLean, M.A., Ph.D., D.D., author of "Canadian Savage Folk" "Vanguards of Canada," etc.

(Special to the Christmas "War Cry")

WHEN the western tourist, with his face towards the setting sun, first comes in contact with the red man in an old dirty blanket, sauntering around a railway station, or squatting on a primitive sidewalk in a small town, he is likely to conclude that writers on the heroic virtues of these denizens of the prairie, mountain and coast, have deceived him, and the pictures of freedom, nobility of character and greatness are fictions and visions of the imagination. Behind the swarthy features and stolid countenance of this nomad, however, is a small soul, worthy of fellowship when lifted out of his sad and depressing environment, capable of redemption and of becoming a useful citizen.

Located on Reserves

From Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast, and from the International Boundary Line to the Barren Grounds of the north, the native tribes are located on Reserves by treaty with the Dominion Government, with the exception of a few bands roaming at large. Among them is the Cree Confederacy, forming one of the largest bodies of Indians in the Dominion, including the Plain, Wood and Swampy Cree; the Sioux proper with an allied tribe, the Assiniboines or Stoney Indians; the Ojibways with a sub-tribe, the Saulteaux; the Blackfoot Confederacy, comprising the Blackfoot, Bloods and Piegans; the Sarcees, an offshoot of the Beaver or Castor Indians of Athabasca.

In the far north are the Athabascans or Dene tribes, including the Loucheux or Kutchin, the Hare, Dog Ribs, Slave, Yellow Knives, Caribou Eaters, the Chipewyans, Tsechene, Bad People and Beaver Indians; while in British Columbia, the home of the Salish, there are Tshishians, and many other tribes, too numerous for mention in a short article.

These varied peoples show different physical characteristics. In stature, color of the skin and texture of the hair, the mode of living is conformable to the climate, food existing in the country and general character as to mountains, rivers, forests, prairie or sea, and consequently, their languages, legends, houses, customs and native religion ideas vary, making the study of the native tribes a long and intricate process, worthy of the ability and genius of scholarly men and women.

Native Languages

One thing is evident in the study of aboriginal races, and that is that there does not exist a single atheistic language, and there is not such a thing as a savage language, every tribe having a perfect grammar, with linguistic laws, from which there is no deviation, forming a proof similar to Paley's argument for the existence of God. Indeed, some of the tribes, especially in Africa, reckoned time among the lowest in the scale of civilization, have a language with a great number of declensions and conjugations, which excite surprise, wonder and admiration among students of philology. A similar condition exists in our own western land, where the surroundings of the people give no indication of the wonderful language they possess. Were the parchment of a single Cree verb to be written out fully, the cards would cover the walls of an average room in a modern house, while for beauty of construction and accuracy in expression it can only be compared with the Greek language. It is a euphonious tongue, rich in vowel sounds, sweet, tender and beautiful, and the ear is captivated when listening to a speaker, even when terms of denunciation are used. The Blackfoot

language has many guttural sounds, but the climax is reached in the Sarcee language, which is spoken in the throat by a double guttural, and the sound comes through the sides of the mouth, by decisive clicks. The difficulty of white men acquiring this language may be adequately expressed as was done recently by one of our westerners, who said: "I am married to a Sarcee woman and have lived with her for forty years, and know seven Sarcee words." The Cree language is the medium of communication between the tribes on the plains, including the Crees, Blackfeet, Assiniboines, Saulteaux and Sarcees, just as the Chinook jargon is used in British Columbia.

Beautiful legends linger among all the tribes of the origin of the world, the making of man, the two brothers, illustrating the struggle between good and evil, and the flood, differing according to locality, all recognizing a divine agency, but changing, by the place and character of their abode.

was a learned man in scanty garb, who received his education from his father and the aged men of the tribe, in the open air. An Indian will travel over the vast expanse of prairie, without a trail or landmark, and never be lost, always arriving at his destination without a single mishap, and when asked for an explanation, is unable to give any.

A Bond of Unity

Totemism among the tribes is a bond of unity, linking the members of the same totem together, though of different tribes, and is a bond of safety, even in times of war. Every tribe, almost without exception, has political customs, laws of government, a Chief for every band, one Peace Chief over the whole tribe as the supreme civil official in times of peace, a War Chief who guides the destiny of the people, leading the warriors in battle, a Council for the deliberation of important matters, a body of police for the management of the camp, chiefs who make announcements, and several societies whose secrets are never revealed to any white man. The order of the march when moving camp, for instance in hunting the buffalo, and going to war, are made in perfect detail, and these are so stringent that the person breaking them will be severely punished. Jerry Potts, the famous guide, informed me that on one occasion, when arrangements had been completed to start hunting the buffalo at a specified time, an Indian, anxious to ensure a good supply of meat, went ahead of the party and shot some buffalo, but before he had time to skin any of them, the guards went out and seized him, confiscated the animals, and his horses, stripped him of his clothing, and sent him to the camp in disgrace.



Indians in gala attire assembled for the David Thompson Memorial Pageant

Napio, the Old Man, progenitor of the Blackfeet, sprang out of the top of a mountain; the father of some of the Coast tribes was transformed from a great fish. The legend of the Calling River in the Qu'Appelle Valley has had numerous short poems written about it, but is waiting the genius of a great poet to do it justice, as has been done by Mrs. Edgar for the Ottawa legend of the White Stone Canoe, and by Longfellow for the Iroquoian legend of Hiawatha. The migrations of the tribes, relating to their ancestors and original homes, are still told in the lodges, where the traditional keepers are in existence, notable events are preserved by mnemonic records as knotted cords and coup sticks, old tales and songs are repeated and sung, maintaining a course of native education in the camp. We may speak of the red man as being a savage or illiterate, because of his modes of living and customs differing from our so-called civilization, but that is a revelation of our own ignorance, as there is a native culture, a wide and deep grasp of prairie lore, misunderstood by the tenderfoot.

Children of Nature

Sitting outside a buffalo skin lodge, decorated with pictures of battles and with real scalp-locks, in the early days, conversing with an aged native, in answer to numerous questions, he gave me the names of twenty-seven kinds of wild fruits in the foothills, explaining the various grasses and flowers growing in the vicinity, the names of the insects and their habits, the birds and animals, and when night fell and the stars came out, he recited their names and instructed me in their movements. During the winter this same man, as it began to snow, told me how many nights the storm would continue: "Ten nights it will snow and then stop," said he, and that was what actually happened. Here

grace. The Bands are known among us by the names of the respective Chiefs, as Blackfoot Old Woman's Band, Bull Back Fat's Band, but the Indians do not so designate them, having their own names, as the Tail men, Fish Eaters, and Sweaty Feet.

Like all communities, there are social customs relating to dress, amusements and the use of paint on the person, and what may seem to us as mere ornaments, are regulated by law and habit.

Religious Ideas and Customs

The craft of the medical priesthood, with the knowledge and use of herbs as medicines, the magic arts of the conjurer, the grades and modes of initiation, and the methods of payment for services rendered, form an interesting study; the religious ideas, customs and feasts relating to the soul, spirits, prayer, fasting, foretelling of the future life, including the Sun Dance, the Ghost Dance and Sun Worship, hold an important place in comparative religion, and the native literature, rock inscriptions, picture writing, totem poles, and birch bark records are suggestive phases in the life of the red man.

Pioneers of the Cross have labored among them, enduring hardships, faithful men and devoted women finding joy in toiling around the camp fire and in the lodges the "old, old way," and through the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, souls have been won from sin, transformed through divine grace, and become preachers of the living truth, whilst earnest Christian folk are to be found among them magnifying the grace of God. The hope of the future lies in keeping them isolated from the temptations of our boasted civilization, living in their own districts, giving them an education suitable to their needs and, above all, leading them out to the new life in Christ.

RED-SKINS of the WEST



Indian Women of the Kootenay Tribe
(Note how the Papoose is carried)



INDIAN BRAVES
Calf-Child - Herbert Lawrence - Medicine Owl & Charlie Rye Eater.



The Women are Expert Riders.



Indian Mother and Papoose

WHEN LOVE CAME DOWN A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE COMMISSIONER

IN NEARLY all parts of the civilized globe, Christmas Day is regarded as a Festival of joy and rejoicing. This is as it should be. Did not Love come down from Heaven at Christmas? As Christina Rossetti sings:

Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, love Divine,
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and Angels gave the sign,

The glorious splendor of Christmas is revealed by the character in which Jesus came down. He came down clothed in the garment of LOVE. If He had come in a different character what a difference it would have meant to a poor, despairing, sinning, suffering humanity, in a sinful, dark world. His coming might have proved the despair of all if He had come revealing God in a character that was different from Love. But, Hallelujah, Love came down at Christmas!

Only One Salvation

There is only one Salvation for men and women and that comes from the conviction that God is in Christ and that God is Love.

Is it possible for us to conceive Jesus coming down revealing a God of Indifference? Indifferent to the awful sinful condition of man, indifferent to his struggles for freedom, indifferent to his cries and entreaties to be saved? No! a thousand times no. It is impossible to entertain such a thought. God is Love. Christ is Love. Love revealed that God is the FRIEND OF SINNERS. He is against sin, always against sin, but continually He is the Friend of sinners. Is it any wonder then that Christmas witnesses in all parts of the earth a

great revival of human friendliness. What a Love—what a Lover!

'TWAS THE MESSIAH

In the Holy Land the people were
oppressed and sorely tried
By the iron hand upon them; and for
peace they often sighed.
Long they looked for the Messiah who
would come their King to be,
Who would come in might and power,
who would give the victory.

Faint their hope when—in the heav-
ens, bright appeared an angel
band,
Telling of the birth of Jesus—who
had come to save their land.
Peace on earth: Oh 'twas the message
They most wanted—waited for!
Could it be the great Messiah? Was
this peace now at their door?

Yes! Praise God! 'Twas the Messiah
who had come the earth to bless,
Who had come with life and healing
for all who Him would confess:
He had come to loose the captives,
come to set all nations free
By the power of His Salvation, by
His matchless victory.

To the broken, battered, sin-stricken, devil-driven souls, He is still Love. "Oh, Love that will not let me go!"

My Comrades, I ask you—Go tell! Go tell them. From your heart tell them a Babe came to Bethlehem clothed in the garment of Love. He came revealing the Love of a Loving, Heavenly Father. To the prodigal tell it. To the Magdalene tell it. To the respectable tell it. To the moral tell it. To the drunken, gambling, indifferent and despairing tell it. Christ has come. He is here. He is Love. God is Love.

LOVE COMING DOWN FROM HEAVEN AT CHRISTMAS REVEALED THE PURE AND PERFECT CHARACTER OF GOD. What a wonderful Babe in that manger! Spotless Lamb of God. Emblem of purity divine and of perfect deliverance. God is revealed not only as the Friend of sinners, but Christ has revealed Him as THE DELIVERER FROM THE POWER OF SIN. Wonderful Friend! More wonderful Deliverer. Able to save to the uttermost from all sin.

King of Pure Love

Oh, worship the King—King of pure Love, King of Perfect Love, King of kings and Lord of lords, clothed in a garment of Love.

Has the King of Pure Love purified your heart? Has the King of Perfect Deliverance not only brought you from your prison of sin, but broken the bonds, and are you experiencing daily the presence of this King enthroned upon your heart and governing your will?

If not, may this Christmas mean to you the ringing of the bells in your heart, the coming down of Love, the entrance of the perfect Deliverer—Jesus.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

TO THE HEART that really makes room for Christ, the Christmas season brings the assurance of a world of spiritual blessings and hopes and joys, lying concealed in the lustre of human gladness, like stars in the noonday sky, but ready to pour their brightness upon us the moment the night falls with its shadows. Christmas ought, therefore, to have its deep, rich meaning to every one of us, whether the individual Christmas be dark or bright about us.

But there is another way in which the Christmas spirit should show its power. It should reveal itself in our lives. What Christ is to us we ought, in our little human measure, to be to others. Christmas means love. Christ came to our world to pour divine kindness on weary, needy, perishing, human lives. The Christmas spirit truly in our hearts should send us out on the same mission. There is need everywhere for love's ministry. Hearts are breaking with sorrow, men are bowing under burdens too heavy for them, duty is too large, the battles are

too hard. One of the saddest things about life is that, with so much power to help others by kindness of act, many folk pass through the world in silence or with folded hands.

Surely we should learn the true Christmas lesson of gentle, thoughtful kindness to those we love, and to all we meet in life's busy ways; and we should show the kindness while their tired feet walk in life's toilsome ways, not waiting to bring flowers for their coffins, or to speak words of cheer when their ears are closed and their hearts are stifled, and it is too late to give them comfort and joy.

We should not only manifest this kindness during the Christmas season, however; all the year round our lives should radiate good-will and affection for others, seeking always and best interests only be pos-
sessed by His
Spirits.

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S FESTIVAL

CHRISTMAS DAY is a day of Christian worship and social re-union. Undoubtedly one reason for this is the place the day occupies in the lives of our children. Because it commemorates the Christ-child of Bethlehem, it is the children's festival especially. The rise of the interest in child-life is modern. There is not a child, it is said, in all Shakespeare. In all the first-class writers of our own century, children come into great prominence, just because the greatest writers best reflect the character of their age. And this is not an indifferent thing. It is a mark of the world's modern progress; for it indicates an approach to childlikeness when the child is found to be as much a centre of interest as the man. So Christmas has gained by this growth of a warmer feeling for the class whose helplessness appeals to our tenderness, and whose natural joyfulness reproaches our needless gloom. Old people take part in this festival only by virtue of so much of childhood and childlikeness as they still have in their own breast. Christmas Day is pre-eminently the festival of the Christ-child.





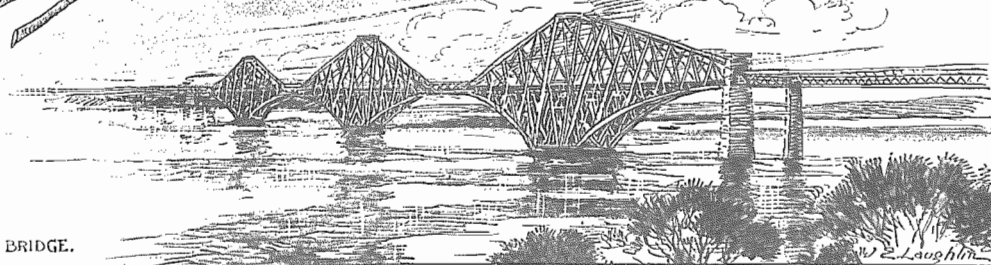
ON
LOCH
KATRINE



EDINBURGH
CASTLE



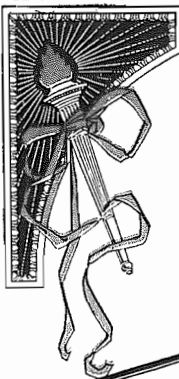
Lieut.-Commissioner W. Maxwell,
Territorial Commander, Canada East Territory



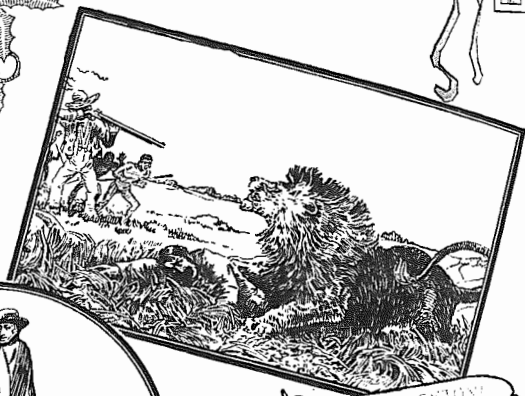
PORT BRIDGE.

W. E. Laughlin

SEVEN WONDER INSTRUMENTS IN WORLD- INFLUENCING CRUSADES



SIR WILFRED GREENFELD



DAVID LIVINGSTONE



JOHN WESLEY



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

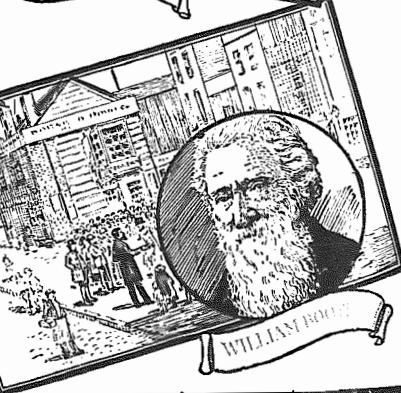


MARTIN LUTHER

The world owes much to the men pictured on this page. Their heroic accomplishments have forever enshrined them in the hearts of mankind, and as long as this earth endures, their names will be held in veneration as benefactors of humanity.

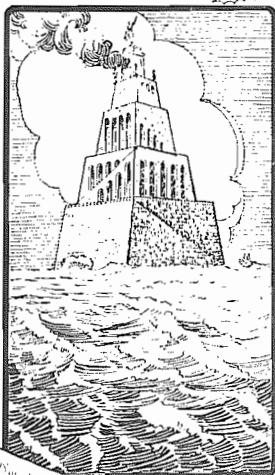
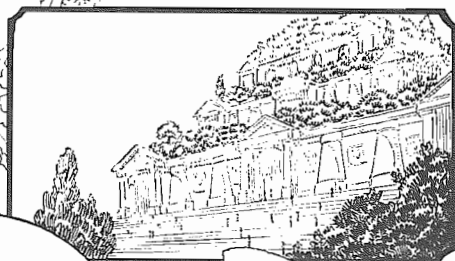
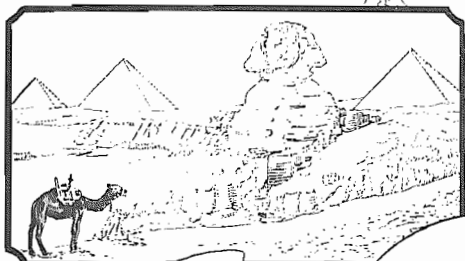
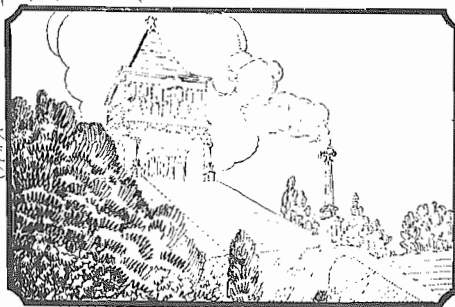
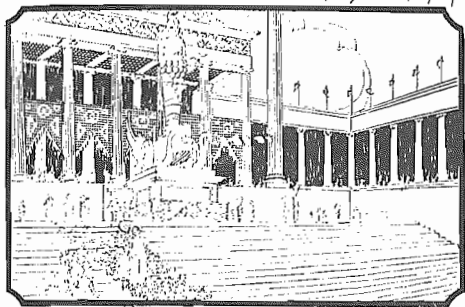


J. HUDSON TAYLOR

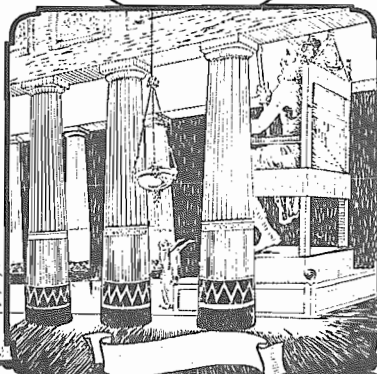
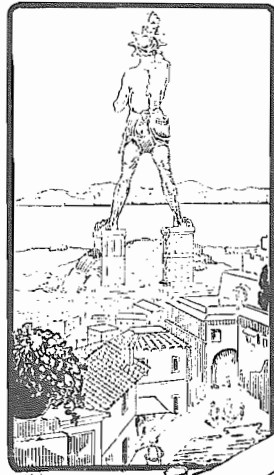


WILLIAM BOYCE

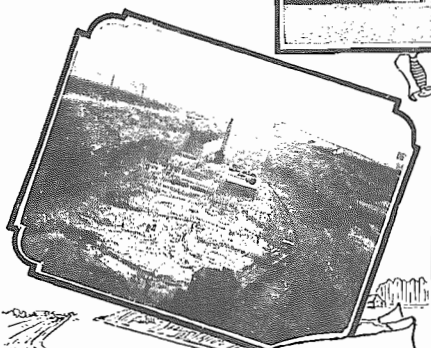
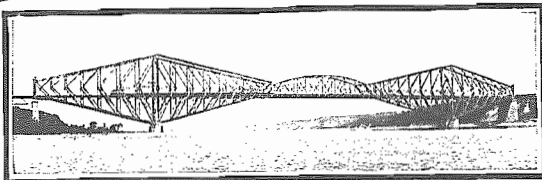
THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD



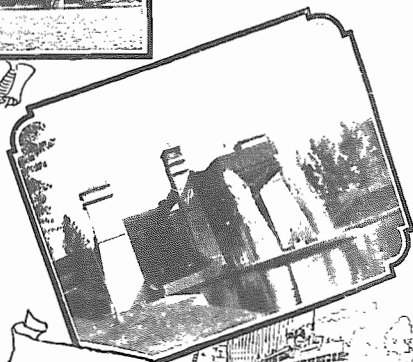
Right at the dawn of Civilisation, without steam and electricity, and what they make possible, the ancients achieved these wonders, the fame of which, such is their appeal to the imagination of each age, will live forever.



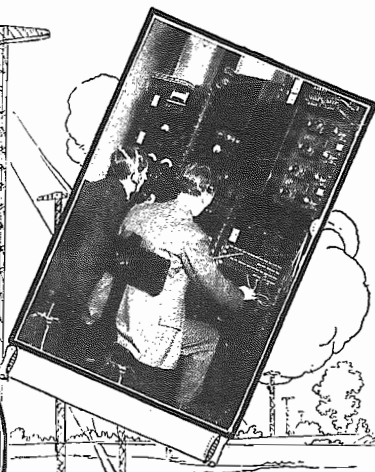
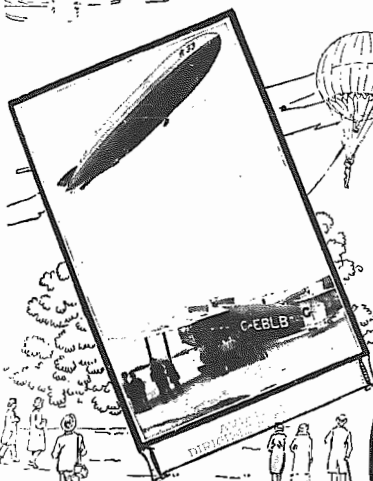
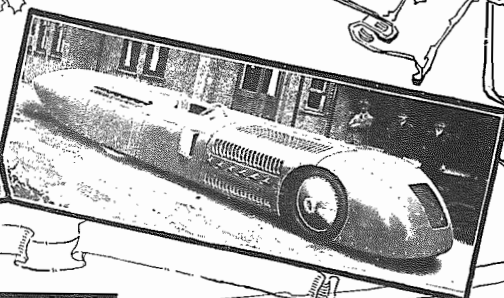
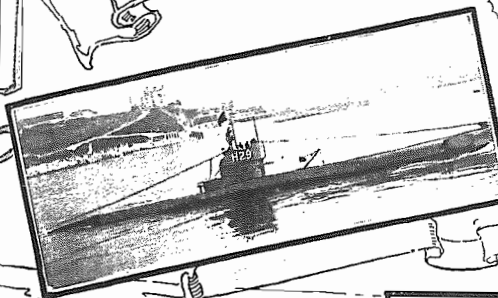
SEVEN WONDERS OF CANADA, "BRITAIN'S FAIREST DAUGHTER"



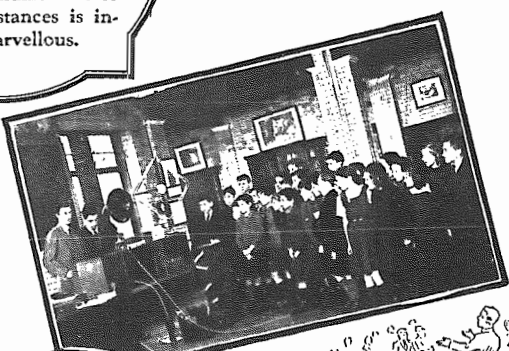
The
marvellous works
of Nature and of
engineering science
are here pictured.
They are wonders
of which Canadians
may well be
proud.



SEVEN REPRESENTATIVE WONDERS OF THIS WONDER-FILLED AGE



The amazing advances of science during the last decade or so have made possible rapid travel on land, under the sea and in the air, while what has been done in the way of transmitting the human voice over vast distances is indeed marvellous.



GRATIS



Amongst the Maoris

By the Chief Secretary



that well over 100,000 Maoris peopled the islands.

The dark side of the picture lies in the tribal wars carried on with terrible ferocity. Battles were followed by the inevitable feasts when the courageous, drunk with the wine of conquest, descended far into the depths of ferocious cruelty and gluttony, not stopping in their awful debauchery until cannibalism had glutted them.

Having many gods and following their sacred myths, they were a people without direction so far as the future or their relation to it was concerned. They were the prey of dreams, omens and charms, dread and fearing ghosts and demon spirits.

Here, then, we see a proud, capable race, in a wonderful home, won by their own courage, yet driven by their fears and superstitions to make this

the trouble it was causing. Indeed, the Duke of Wellington, after whom New Zealand's capital city is named, flatly refused to be bothered. Such is history! Better councils prevailed, however, and finally the famous Treaty of Waitangi was signed. This is the Magna Charta of the Maori race. While to the British Crown was ceded the rights and powers of sovereignty, recognition of the Maori's ownership of the land was given, with all the rights and privileges of British subjects. A far-seeing Maori is said to have thus described the Treaty: "The shadow passes to the Queen; the substance stays with us."

Who has not heard of New Zealand's famous thermal region, where hot springs and boiling mud pools abound, and where geysers send up their wonderful displays to the admiration of tens of thousands of visitors? In this district not a few tribes of Maoris have found suitable location for settlement. They have laid hold of the overmastering and titanic forces which surround them in that weird district and make them do useful service. Hot baths and therapeutic treatment is ever on hand, even the subterranean furnaces provide them with an open-air kitchen in which the Maori wahine (woman) may do her cooking without the troublesome bother of fire lighting and bellows blowing. Putting her potatoes or kumara in a net bag, a hot water lake, within a few yards of the front or back door, serves as an excellent boiling pot, and in due course, they are ready for the table. Once my wife and I enjoyed a first-class Christmas dinner cooked in nature's kitchen. A hole of fair size in area, but of no great depth was dug in the earth; in this was placed an ordinary kerosene case, and into this receptacle went turkey, vegetables, pudding and all; a piece of sack was put over the top and completed the outfit, and after the usual allowance of time, a dinner fit for a king was the outcome.

With the more settled conditions in which the Maoris found themselves, it is claimed that much of their forefather's skill and lore has been forgotten; they have not, however, forgotten how to carry themselves bravely in the dark days of disaster.

Among the notables I have met was Sophia, the Guide. Sophia is famous wherever globe-trotters fore-gather, for



has she not safely piloted hundreds of them along the devious paths between blow-thous and mud pools, and all the unguessing of that region. She is, however, held in greater esteem for her splendid heroism on the night of the Mount Tarawera eruption, when the side of the mountain was blown up. On that night this humble Maori woman saved the lives of a large number of white men. In the village of Wairoa stood a large tourist resort, whose roof under the weight of falling deposit and debris, gave way, forcing the guests to flee for shelter. Quite close to this building stood Sophia's "whare," with its roof made of reeds and flax. Asked as to how she effected the rescue, she said, "There was a plank lying on the floor of the hut, and with that my man shored up the roof on the side where the heaviest deposit was falling, and whenever the fall eased, he went out and shovelled off as much as he could. I only kept them in the 'whare.'" Her courage, as well as sagacity, allied with her husband's efforts, should not be forgotten when one thinks of the Maori.

The courtesy of the Maoris toward strangers within their gates is equally proverbial for their bravery. To be invited to a Maori Tribal Gathering was once the good fortune of my wife and myself, the place of meeting being upon the banks of the beautiful Waikanae River. The number of Maoris at that gathering can only be guessed, but probably not less than 2,000 to 2,500 were present. We were welcomed with all the barbaric ceremony of by-gone days. The welcome and the welcomed addressed each other through their most eloquent representative; these speeches being delivered in the open-air, the speakers standing from one to two hundred yards apart. A Maori lament for the dead was moving beyond description, and then came the well-known nose-rubbing custom and one of the wild

(Continued on page 20)

ABOUT the time when England was staggering under the loss and sense of defeat, brought about by the disastrous closing of The Hundred Years' War—between sessions of all her long-held position on the continent of Europe—a migration was taking place on another side of the world, in which she was destined, ultimately, to take keen interest and reap rich harvest.

Far off in the heart of the mighty Pacific there was a bold and courageous and skilful people, who mightily urge to seek out for themselves a new home. The cause for this is lost in tradition and romance, but the effect has placed in the foreground of thrilling history a people who, though brown of skin and living in a state of heathen savagery—until a short hundred years ago—have earned for themselves a place among the peoples of the world which they worthy fill.

These Maori Pillgrim Fathers left the island of Hawaiki in their large double canoes, probably measuring 100 to 150 feet in length, and, favored by the prevailing winds of these regions, sustaining life by the stores of food and water they were able to bring, augmented by the fish obtainable as they voyaged on, and the water caught as the rains swept over their craft, they at length reached the shores of the land to which they gave the beautiful name, "Ao Tea Roa"—"the long white cloud."

According to tradition, one chief brought eight hundred of his people in twelve canoes. Undoubtedly, many migrations took place during the succeeding years and landings occurred at various places on the coasts. Near the mouth of one of the rivers there still lies a stone greatly treasured by the natives as being the ancient anchor of their sacred craft "Tabu," the canoe in which their forefathers voyaged across the deep.

It was no barren land to which a kindly Providence had guided those dusky voyagers. The beauty of the land upon which they gazed so amazed them that the records tell of one chief, who, seeing the red rata flowers gleaming among the foliage of the forested shore, threw aboard his coronet of feathers, declaring he would get a new crown in the new land. Ao Tea Roa proved to be, not only a land of beauty, but of abundance. In this home across the seas the Maori Race developed and grew—their physique improving under the favorable environment; their population increasing, until when the British began settlement, it was estimated



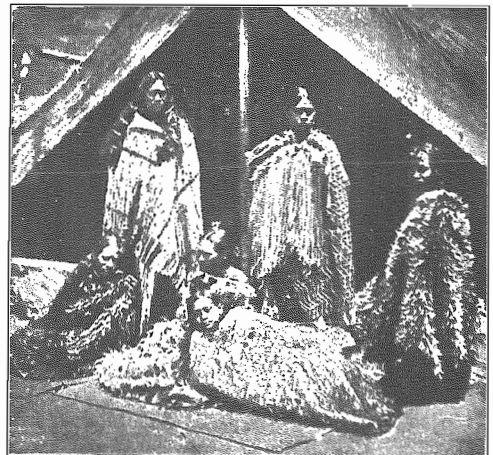
A Maori man and woman outside their carved house at Wairoa

peaceful Paradise a Pargatory.

The Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," of this fair land, was heard by Samuel Marsden, who, as chaplain, had sailed aboard a convict ship from England to Australia, and on Christmas Day, 1814, on the shore of the Bay of Islands, he preached to these heathen stalwarts, taking as his text the Christmas Message, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." The entrance of Christianity was thus effected, but it took ten years to gain the first convert. Within the first quarter of a century, however, a fourth of the Maoris had been formally received into the Christian Church. Some of the fruits of their new found faith were found in the liberation of their slaves without any compensation, and of their carrying inland to hundreds of almost inaccessible parts of their island home, the news of Salvation.

Unfortunately, as is so often the case, while the missionary sought to teach was contradicted by the practices of the white men who visited these shores for whaling and timber, etc. Their behaviour was cannibalistic.

The pace at which events progressed soon quickened. The migration of the white man had begun, bringing with it a hundred problems difficult to grapple with and solve. The British Government's attention was drawn in an unwelcome manner to her far-off possession, which did not appear worth



A group of Maori Wahines (young women)

WONDERS

Seven wonders that make the world a wonderful place.

(See page 12)

Doctor Sir Wilfred Grenfell

The world famous medical missionary to Labrador. His splendid talents and unending toil for the best years of his life have made possible a chain of agencies which are of untold benefit to the fishermen of that storm-ridden coast and which will remain as a glorious monument to the greatness of a man whom the world delights to honor as a benefactor of mankind.

Abraham Lincoln

A humble son of the soil, who rose, by sheer force of character, to the highest position in the gift of his country, and to the accomplishment of a task which commanded the admiration of the whole world. As the emancipator of the American slaves, his memory will continue to shine with a glory undimmed by the passing years.

David Livingstone

A prince among missionaries, who carried the story and the Spirit of Jesus into the deepest recesses of the Dark Continent. He enriched the Church of God by his preaching of the Gospel, while his explorations placed the scientific world eternally in his debt. For true greatness of soul, few indeed have been the peers of this servant of Africa.

John Wesley

One of the world's greatest preachers and evangelists, whose lifelong call to righteousness shook the British nation to its very foundations, and from whose labors there sprang the world-girdling activities of the church which bears his name. To him, as the founder of Methodism, the world owes a debt willingly acknowledged, but impossible of payment.

Martin Luther

The man chosen by God to be the central figure of the greatest event in the history of the Christian Church: the Reformation. His clear vision recognized the corruption of the church; his daring spirit raised the flag of revolt; his organizing genius laid the foundations of the new faith. He was truly the Father of the Reformation.

Hudson Taylor

One of the most outstanding figures in the history of missionary effort. He was a brilliant surgeon and an eminent scholar, but it was his life of self-sacrifice as the founder of the China Inland Mission that has made his name famous. He lived for the Chinese, died among them, and to-day his remains lie in the land he loved.

William Booth

The Prophet of the Poor. Converted early in life, he was a successful preacher and evangelist for a number of years, until God laid upon his heart a mission to the slum district of London. Out of his small beginning in Mile End Waste he grew the world-wide Salvation Army, and the name of William Booth has become synonymous with organized effort for the uplift of the most degraded of men.

The seven wonders of the ancient world.

(See page 13)

Temple of Diana

When the ancient temple of Artemis, at Ephesus, was destroyed by fire, the people of Ionia determined to show their devotion to their goddess by building the most beautiful shrine in the world. The result was the famous Temple of Diana, said to be the finest example of Ionic architecture ever produced, and still acknowledged as one of the most beautiful buildings ever conceived by men.

Tomb of Mausolus

This noble expression in marble of a woman's grief was erected in 353 B.C. and by its massive beauty commanded the respect of the world for nearly nineteen centuries. With unworthy zeal the Knights of St. John tore down the pillars and bases to erect a fortress at Budrum. Some relics of its greatness have found sanctuary in the British Museum.

Egyptian Pyramids

These magnificent tombs of Egyptian royal personages stand in a sandy plain near Cairo. They are of enormous proportions and form rather tragic monuments of the departed glory of ancient Egypt. They are of great antiquity, and there is doubtless some mysterious significance about their shape and relative proportions which is not yet understood even by the greatest of Egyptologists.

Hanging Gardens of Babylon

This remarkable example of Oriental extravagance stood within the palace of Nebuchadnezzar in ancient Babylon, and tradition says, was erected to gratify a whim of one of his wives. Terraced gardens, several acres in extent, with banquetting halls set among the flowers and trees, were raised on tiers of masonry to a height of 300 feet, but of all its greatness, not a trace remains to-day.

Pharos of Alexandria

When the city of Alexandria was built, a small island a mile from the shore was connected to the city by a mole. On this island Ptolemy II later built a lofty tower, through the top windows of which the light of torches shone to guide ships into the harbor. This building was the forerunner of the modern lighthouse.

Colossus of Rhodes

At the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes, stood this gigantic statue representing Apollo, famous in Greek mythology. Its ignominious end was in rather ironical contrast with its majestic appearance. Thrown from its pedestal by an earthquake, it lay on the shore for centuries until the invading Turks sold it to a Jew as scrap metal.

Statue of Jupiter

Phidias, the greatest of sculptors, conceived and executed this magnificent figure of the principal deity of the Greeks, in 433 B.C. It stood forty feet high and was wrought in ivory and gold. After standing for centuries at Athens, it was carried to Constantinople, where it was destroyed by fire in 475 A.D.

The seven wonders of the ancient world.

(See page 14)

Niagara Falls

So awe-inspiring is this wondrous work of nature that although millions, including most of the world's great writers, have looked upon its majestic turmoil, nothing like an adequate description of its beauty has been attempted. Perhaps the greatest tribute ever paid to its grandeur is that the word "Niagara" has been adopted into our language as descriptive of any measureless flow of power.

Quebec Bridge

A mighty steel structure spanning the St. Lawrence River, which represents not only consummate engineering skill, but sublime human faith and courage. When the final span was being erected, the world stood aghast at the news that the bridge had collapsed, with an appalling loss of life. Reconstruction started at once, however, and to-day it stands as a tribute to men who would not admit defeat.

Capilano Canyon

One of the scenic marvels of the continent is this mighty cleft, with its tree-covered walls over a thousand feet in height, its babbling brook and its air line bridge stretching like the strand of a spider's web from cliff to cliff, and trembling beneath the lightest footfall of the most timid passenger.

Welland Canal

The Canadian Government is spending well over one hundred million dollars on the construction of this link in a chain of inland waterways, which it is intended shall make it possible for the largest steamers to travel from the head of the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean. Its locks correspond with the mighty leap of Niagara in the river nearby.

Peterboro Lift Lock

The use of the Trent Canal, by large vessels is made possible by the largest hydraulic lift lock in the world, situated at Peterboro. By means of the powerful machinery of this masterpiece of engineering, a floating vessel is lifted bodily to a height of seventy-five feet, and enabled to proceed on its journey at this new level.

Redeemed Land

Along Toronto's lakefront there extends an area of over one thousand acres of land which has been reclaimed from the lake and built up until it ranks with the most valuable property in the city. In this way room has been provided for an extensive system of steamship terminals, and a pleasure resort that entertains hundreds of thousands.

Sulphur Pool

The famous Hot Sulphur Springs of Banff, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, rise from the ground in a volume of about a million gallons a day, and at a temperature ranging from 78 to 112 degrees Fahrenheit. The waters have a high therapeutic value, and the commodious buildings provided enable large numbers of people to benefit by them.

Seven representative wonders of this wonder-filled world.

(See page 15)

The Submarine

It is principally as a weapon of warfare that the submarine has engaged the attention of the world, and such progress has been made that the modern naval submarine is a formidable vessel of war, heavily armed, and with a range of operation that covers the Seven Seas. May its great possibilities be speedily diverted to the ends of peace.

The Automobile

For many decades a "horseless carriage" was the dream of engineers and mechanics, and many crude machines were produced before the invention of the internal combustion engine made possible the development of the modern automobile. In recent years such wonderful progress has been made that to-day millions of cars are in use for business and pleasure, and their manufacture is one of the world's greatest industries.

Aviation

After long years of costly failure, man has recently developed the ability to travel the highway of the air to such a wonderful extent that regular service is maintained on a great many routes for the transportation of mail, passengers, and even freight. For the purposes of peace and war, aviation has possibilities yet undreamed of.

X-Ray

Discovered by Rontgen, in 1895, the X-Ray, or Rontgen Ray, has become one of the greatest aids to modern surgery. By its aid fractured bones can be set with a skill and certainty otherwise impossible, and foreign bodies can be located and removed with greatly increased facility. Recently it has come into extensive use in the mechanical and commercial world as well.

Trans-Atlantic Telephony

When Alexander Graham Bell gave the world his first primitive telephone, he expressed it as his conviction that the time would come when people equipped with telephones would be able to converse from any part of the country to any other part. Not only has this ideal been realized, but recent months have witnessed conversations across the Atlantic, and "the end is not yet."

The Gramophone

By obedience to the simplest laws governing sound, the gramophone has made it possible for the world's most priceless gems of music and oratory to be heard in practically every home, whenever desired. When beloved voices are forever stilled by death, this invention makes it easy for them to be reproduced for generations yet unborn.

The Radio

The radio is said to be the most delicate piece of mechanism ever placed in the hands of the general public, yet so wonderful is its simplicity, and so great are its possibilities for entertainment and instruction, that its use has become worldwide in a remarkably short time, and it is being improved so rapidly that the future concerning it is the purest speculation.

ANOTHER THREE WISE MEN

*By Commandant
Joseph Galway*

WHAT constitutes true wisdom is a much debated question, and in many instances the men whose names to-day are household words for the highest form of wisdom, were regarded by their contemporaries as visionaries and fanatics, and treated accordingly.

Lincoln's idea of race equality was regarded as a idle dream; Howard was scorned by his friends for his attempts at prison reform; Livingstone's missionary labors were considered a piece of folly; and Paul was told that much learning had made him mad. But now, with the light of experience revealing the truth, all these are enshrined in the hearts of millions, while their critics are forgotten.

On whatever other points opinions may differ, I think all will agree that a man who visualizes a means of blessing to multitudes and bends all his energies to the realization of his dream, with successful results, is worthy of being enrolled among the world's wise men. The three men to whom your attention is asked here each had a vision of a great need, each devoted his life to work for others, and each is recognized to-day as having achieved work of world importance.

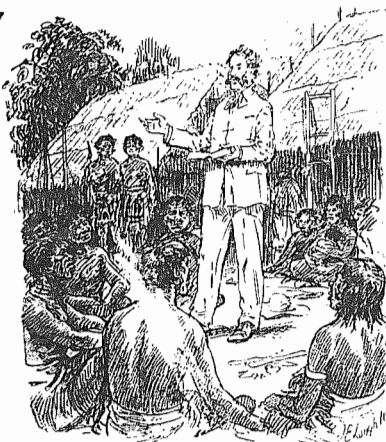
JOHN PATON

If it is wise to live for others, to surrender all prospects of earthly gain, to devote one's life to peril and suffering in order to bless and save the lost, to seek God's wandering sheep in the desert of superstition and ignorance, then John Paton was among the wisest of men. Few lives have been so completely laid on the altar, few soldiers of the Cross have dared to offer battle to the enemy in the face of such terrible odds as he. Judged by

human standards, his life was practically wasted, but measured by divine ideals he follows hard after Him Who came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

Paton was born near Dumfries, Scotland, on May 23th, 1821. His parents were earnest Christian people, and in his veins flowed the blood of the Scotch Covenanters. So it is not strange that very early in life he definitely accepted Christ, and as a young man learned to preach the Gospel of hope for the worst in the most world of Glasgow's slums. When he was thirty years of age, and a minister of the Reformed Church of Scotland, an urgent appeal for missionaries was made by the leaders of this denomination. Paton was having a large measure of success as a pastor, and he satiated long before deciding on such a radical change in his life and ministry; but after three years of prayerful waiting upon God he offered his services and was gladly accepted.

The Islands of the Southern Pacific were his chosen field, the people being heathen and cannibals of the most degraded type imaginable, and to these people he gave of his best without stint



for all the rest of his long life.

When declining years made active work among them impossible, he bent his energies to raising funds and enticing others to give their lives to missionary service, a form of ministry in which he met with wonderful success.

At the last day a multitude won from heathen darkness will arise and proclaim the wisdom of this man who left all to accomplish their Salvation.

ROBERT RAIKES

So vast have been the results of the work of Robert Raikes, the pioneer of the Sunday School movement, that a modern thinker has declared that "he accomplished a bloodless revolution."

He was born in Gloucester, England, in 1735, the son of a well-to-do publisher, was well educated, and in the course succeeded his father in the management of an influential newspaper.

An attempt at reform work among the prisoners of Bridewell Jail was a means of preparation for the greater things he was to undertake later.

At that time Gloucester was the centre of a great pin-making industry, which employed a large number of children, most of whom were ignorant and sometimes vicious to a degree which rendered them a nuisance on Sundays when the factories were closed.

In his anxiety to do something for these children, Raikes hit upon the idea of a school, which would not only keep them off the streets on Sunday, but would also improve their condition by education.

After considerable difficulty he secured four teachers, to whom he paid one shilling each per Sunday, and a building, said to have been a cobblers' shop. The undertaking was an immediate success, and soon large numbers of children gathered, who marched to church when the school closed.

Encouraged by the success of his efforts, Raikes pushed forward with the greatest enthusiasm, his money, his paper, and his friends were all enlisted in the service of these hitherto neglected children.

As the work grew, the methods were some-



what changed. At first secular subjects were taught, and teachers were paid for their work, but later the teaching was restricted to religious instruction and teachers were found willing to serve without pay.

With amazing rapidity the grain of mustard seed planted by Raikes grew and prospered, spread through the British Isles, to America and all over the known world, until a census taken in 1826, just fifteen years after Raikes' death, showed a host of 90,000 teachers ministering to a multitude of children almost beyond number.

Robert Raikes lived and died in Gloucester, a comparatively unknown man, but in his God-given wisdom he founded a movement which is one of the mightiest forces for righteousness in the world's history.

WILLIAM TYNDALE

At the close of the 15th century spiritual darkness hung over England like a pall of midnight. The king and his nobles were devoted to a round of sordid pleasures; the clergy, headed by Wolsey, were corrupt beyond words; the Church's sanction to any crime could be bought, while the common people were steeped in superstition.

Into this darkened sky William Tyndale flashed like a God-sent bringer of light. Birthplace and parentage unknown, we see him first as a brilliant scholar at Oxford and Cambridge, his soul aflame with the mighty purpose: "An English Bible for the English people."

As soon as his intention became known, a storm of persecution arose, before which he was forced to flee to Europe, where the first-fruits of his labor appeared. This was a translation of the first two Gospels, published at Hamburg in 1526. The religious authorities of England immediately placed the book under a ban, and so complete were the measures of suppression that only one copy of this issue is known to exist to-day.

From Hamburg to Wittenberg, thence to Cologne and Worms he was hounded, never at rest but slowly and surely completing his spiritual revolution in England. First the Gospels, then the New Testament, followed by the books of Moses, and finally the whole Bible appeared, and by secret means obtained a wide circulation.

In spite of every effort to prevent it, the benighted people of England were at last the Light of Life shed abroad from Tyndale's various hiding places in Europe.

At last his enemies appeared to triumph; he was seized, and that his voice might be forever silenced, he was strangled and his body



burnt. This was in Belgium in October, 1535.

But they were too late; his work was finished, and the hollowness of their triumph is emphasized by the fact that even as he died, the first English Bible, printed in England, made its appearance and spread its glorious light through the land.

To this truly wise man, who lived and died for the realization of his God-given vision, we are indebted more than to any other for our English Bible of to-day.



Christmas in Canadian History

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS ever kept in Canada was celebrated by Jacques Cartier and his handful of Breton sailors, as they wintered by the great rock where Quebec was to rise, in 1535. They doubtless kept it in the French fashion, for the French, like their allies the Scotch, did their feasting on New Year's day. But they doubtless had the pretty French "Peace-making," when Cartier would read from his French Bible: "Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God." And any of the hotheads in that company who had had angry words, and perhaps more, would be urged by their friends to come forward and shake hands.

But that first Canadian Christmas could not have been a merry one, for many of Cartier's men were dead or dying of scurvy.

Vegetables Banished Scurvy

The second time the white men wintered in Canada was in Nova Scotia, in 1605, and there they suffered terribly from the scurvy to keep any kind of feast; but the next summer the genius of Champlain took hold of things, insisting on trying to grow European vegetables in Canada—though all the agricultural experts in Europe said that nothing belonging to the old world could possibly flourish in the new. However, the vegetables did grow and with them, especially onions, scurvy was banished—it being caused by a salt meat diet—and the Christmas of 1606 was a very merry one, kept with feasting and games. And more than that, that Christmas meant that the white man had come to Canada to stay.

The next Christmas Day marked in Canadian history is 1635; but in the tiny French colony of Quebec it was kept with half-masted flags and tolling bells, for early that Christmas morning, Samuel de Champlain, maker of Canada, had died. It is good indeed that Canada had for her founder a man who, besides being brave and energetic, was as true as man could be. We may think sometimes that "sharp" men are the ones who prosper, but our history shows us that the reason why French Canada never had a war with Canadian Indians—the Iroquois were invaders, from what is now New York State—was because it was impossible for Champlain to cheat or lie; and so he founded Quebec, on the foundations of peace with the Indians of Lower Canada, and the haughty Hurons of Ontario. And then he died on the Feast of Peace, December 25th, 1635.

First Yule Logs Cut

The old-fashioned English Christmas came to Canada with the 20,000 United Empire Loyalists who founded New Brunswick; and the 25,000 who first peopled Upper Canada, our Ontario. It was at Christmas, 1783, that the first Yule Logs were cut in the Ontario forest, and dragged to the settlement; by shouting men and boys, for no beast must ever be yoked to the log which was "Christmas!"

This was before stoves were used in Ontario, and though those wide open hearths must have left the houses chilly in zero weather, yet, when the stove came in the Yule log had to go, and it is only when looking back to those first pioneer Christmas, that we can see the pretty picture of the family and guests standing round the hearth on Christmas Eve, while the master of the house solemnly lit the great log, and by the light of the flames read aloud the Gospel story of Bethlehem.

It was the custom then to have the religious service on Christmas Eve, and feasting and games on Christmas Day. In addition to the old English game, corn-popping was a recognized Christmas amusement in those pioneer days.

Then on December 25th, 1790, was the first wedding in Upper Canada, when the only minister in Upper Canada then who could perform a legal marriage, rode from Kingston to what is now Madam's, on horseback, to marry the couple, waiting him in the house all decked with spruce boughs and dried bunches of red rowan berries (for holly does not grow in Ontario, and it was not imported then), and lit by the dancing flames of the Yule Log.

Old-time Christmas Dinners

We must not forget those old-time Christmas dinners; venison was the chief dish, with salmon and whitefish, for a first course, and partridges and wild turkey to follow, the deer meat. There was bread, of course, and abundance of butter, but pumpkins and onions seem to be the main vegetables. For dessert there was a quantity of pies, of dried and preserved berries; and cakes of maple sugar.

The next Christmas date noted in our history is also a pleasant homely one—a fortnightly meal was established between Canada and the United

States, December 20th, 1792. So that year the first Christmas mail was exchanged across the border. Before that, letters were carried by private messengers. These old Christmas mail bags would be interesting if we could see them now; there were no Christmas postcards, but many thick letters; for those were letter writing days, when people covered many sheets with beautifully fine writing, as clear as type. Then there would be some copies of the one and only newspaper in Ontario—the "Upper Canada Gazette"—a sheet filled by nine and a half inches; it appeared weekly, and its price was \$3.00

and American commissioners met at Ghent, in Belgium, to arrange the terms of peace.

The bells in all the quaint old churches were ringing in the twilight, ringing joy peals, for it was Christmas Eve, the beginning of the festival of the Prince of Peace, when peace was signed, between England and Canada and the United States.

In 1814, and 1871, one hundred and thirteen times the Christmas bells have rung out for peace since then, and the peace between Canada and the United States has never been broken, and we have:

"Four thousand miles of a boundary line
With never a fort or gun to guard."

A Christmas Carol

On a wonderful night, in the Holy Land,
Two thousand years ago,
The little twinkling, gleaming stars
Shone down on a world below,
On a little village, sleeping there
In the night, long, long ago.

And from the skies, on that Night of
Nights,
Two thousand years ago,
The wondrous song of an Angel Choir
Was heard, on the earth below,
By drowsy Shepherds, who kept a watch
On their flocks, in the long ago.

The Angels sang of a little Child,
Two thousand years ago,
Asleep in the arms of a Mother mild
In Bethlehem town, below,
In a little stable, cold and chill
And dark, long, long ago.

From out of the East there shone a Star,
Two thousand years ago,
A wonderful, gleaming, beaming Star
That shone on a world below,
Guiding the Shepherds on and on
Through the night, in the long ago.

Till over that little stable old,
Two thousand years ago,
The glorious rays of that gleaming Star
Stood still, o'er the stall below,
Where Christ the Saviour, that night was
born
To the world, long, long ago.

And the Angel Choir, among the stars,
Two thousand years ago,
Sang unto the world their song of joy,
To a "listening world below,
All Peace on earth, good will toward men,
On that night, in the long ago.

And so there dawned a blessed day,
Two thousand years ago,
That Christmas Day, by our Father given
To a joyful world below,
That first all-hallowed Christmas Day
That was born long, long ago.

Charles Edward Pegley.

a year. But its Christmas editorials and advertisements had the same spirit: if not the same wording as ours.

Our next date is December 24th, 1814. The war of 1812 has blasted Upper Canada with fire. Settlement after settlement has been destroyed by the invading Americans; and five Ontario towns have been wantonly burnt. Everywhere there are black ashes; and the graves of brave men, who have died in battle with the invaders, or have fallen victims to "swamp fever" (malaria) caused by having to live and fight in the bush, with no food but game meat, and often being forced to eat that raw, as a fire would have betrayed their presence to the enemy, who so greatly out-numbered our men.

Arranging Terms of Peace

Still the Canadians fought on, till England, having beaten down Napoleon, was able to come to the aid of her brave colony; and after she had burnt Washington, the United States began to think of peace. So in December, 1814, the British

and American commissioners met at Ghent, in Belgium, to arrange the terms of peace. The bells in all the quaint old churches were ringing in the twilight, ringing joy peals, for it was Christmas Eve, the beginning of the festival of the Prince of Peace, when peace was signed, between England and Canada and the United States.

In 1814, and 1871, one hundred and thirteen times the Christmas bells have rung out for peace since then, and the peace between Canada and the United States has never been broken, and we have:

Title for Newborn Canada

And on that Christmas Eve the Commission had finished its work. The Bill was ready to be presented for passing to the British Parliament, and then it would receive Queen Victoria's signature, and become our law, on July 1st, 1867.

The last thing done on that Christmas Eve was to choose a title for the newborn CANADA; and Tilley, of New Brunswick, read aloud—"He shall have dominion—this Dominion—from sea to sea."

From the hundred spires of grand Old London rang out the Christmas bells; they were the Christmas chimes of CANADA the DOMINION; marked in her birth hour with the sign of Christ and of Peace—E. A. Taylor, in "The Farmer's Advocate."

Amongst The Maoris

(Continued from page 17)

Maori war baki, which thrills one through and through. Four white people haunneted that night in the midst of this concourse of brown-colored Maoris, in the food being cooked in Maori fashion and we slept that night under the Maori roof. It was an experience one does not wish to forget.

The Salvation Army, its personnel and meetings, hold attraction for the natives of New Zealand. They listen not only respectfully, but assiduously, to an Army "go" whether in Hall or Open-air, and have the profoundest respect for the Gospel which we preach. Some of The Army converts have fought splendid fights against great odds, and their memory is well worth revering. Major Moore, who has given the major portion of his life, still labors on among this splendid race of people. He is the trusted counsellor and guide of quite a large section of the Maoris in and around the district of Taranaki. His hopes are that the young people growing up around him will carry the torch of the Gospel of love among the succeeding generations of one of the most interesting of dark-skinned people, who in contradiction to the usual custom, do happily blend with the white race and still increase in numbers, playing their part creditably upon the stage of life.

The Return from the Manger

We are told nothing on the sacred page about the homeward journey of the wise men, but we may think, if we choose, of the caravan's stately progress, of its marches by day and its rests by night, until, with their wonderful story, they again sat in their own tent doors and talked with the folk they had left behind.

They would never again be the same that they had been before their pilgrimage. The blessed babe that came to them when they knelt before the Babe in the manger would abide with them the remainder of their lives.

For none can see the Christ and worship Him in child-like humility and after that be satisfied with the mere poms and vanities of this transitory world.

May this Christmas so result in our lives.

CARRY ON, GREY COATS, AND BLUE.

YOUR BRIGADIER BRAMWELL TAYLOR has been kind enough to say that the few remarks, made at a luncheon to the Hamilton Corps Band, were worthy of repetition. They can only be so, I feel, in so far as they help maintain the deathless tradition of The Army and their possibly inspirational effect upon newcomers from the Old Land to Canada.

Speaking in the first person is rather a difficult task and cannot fail to convey an impression of over emphasis as to the conditions to be fully overcome or successfully delivered from, by an individual. My pen name will be familiar to many of the Canadian Legion who were subscribers to the "Veteran." With this I hope all will be satisfied as to the writer's honesty of purpose.

Fifteen years is a long time in the shoes of a newcomer to Canada. It can embrace the whole of failure, achievement and moderate success, or it can determine the individual concerned to return to Great Britain, a failure here, but perhaps, as a result of experience, to become a useful citizen there.

At the luncheon, looking back I ventured to say that "Things had transpired that made me learn the size and meaning of the name"—and, in a very personal sense, may I add, "I started as an average kid and I finished (I hope) a thinking man."

The incident I spoke of has left a very distinct impression of what I feel of The Army. Let me relate briefly the incident.

A Scotch lad of about twenty, without the usual home backing and surroundings, after a Summer on the land, on the lakes, filling many roles, and later a Winter in the North, found himself in an Ontario city without very much cash. Encountering a Salvation Army Officer he stated his case about as follows:

"Adjutant, I do not know anyone in this city. My clothes are about eighty miles away. Pawned or sold to a dealer, they represent more than the credit I am asking. I want a respectable boarding house and I will not be able to pay till I get a job. Will you recommend me to one and trust me to be able to pay for all I get. A room and breakfast will do. I can rustle the rest."

He looked me over keenly, humorously, and said, "Sure I can"—and did. Ten months later, as a news Editor, I was able to give The Army much news space on a local paper and helped the Adjutant every way I could to secure public attention. He has not been forgotten and The Army has been a pet subject with me ever since.

The maturity of Salvation Army staffs, their knowledge of human nature, their instinct for breed and type and character mark them as pre-eminent in the work of social helpfulness. They know men and women. It was the establishing of

A FRAGMENT FROM THE LIFE OF AN ONTARIO CITIZEN WHO HAS BEEN LABORER, WANDERER, AND PUBLIC SERVANT. BY A.D.C.

a line of personal credit for me at a difficult time that made whatever minor success I enjoyed later a possibility.

These experiences must be common to thousands. The Salvation Army is a world factor, and particularly is it a factor in Imperial affairs. I have friends abroad in India, and elsewhere, who are outspoken in admiration for its characteristics. They believe in it as an Empire building institution devoting itself, with marked success, to the practical and spiritual needs of a divergent group of peoples. For my part, I believe it has the right theory, that a human being granted the right helpfulness, at the right time, rarely fails to repay it in the renewed incentive to well doing.

Perhaps I am not Orthodox but I do believe that men should live on the basis of religious, charitable, kind and loving principles. In this world, if a sufficient number of people endorsed these practices, be a regeneration of man kind. I am a product of the Scottish Church, inclined to character-forming as the basis of religious teaching. Therefore, The Salvation Army, determined upon a campaign of regeneration, encouraging, helping, finds me re-acting with all my soul.

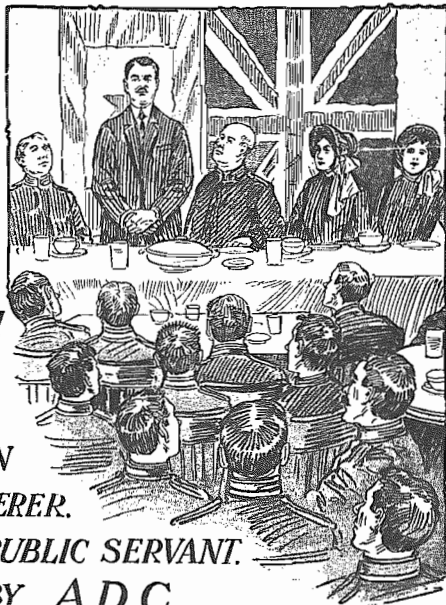
Thousands come to Canada who are, in the first few months bewildered with sunshine, strange scenes, plentiful natural fruits and the more free and natural flow of intercourse between man and man. They need the guidance of secure standards, desirable acquaintances and friends rooted on the bed-rock principle of honor, work and service. To them there is this uniformed, unselfish group of souls, The Army field staff, a tower of strength and a haven of refuge in the midst of their transplanting and restlessness.

In war and peace my judgment is that they are the background of practised well-doing. Thoughtfulness in all things, charity and lovingkindness are the essence of their works.

In some fourteen States of the Union, in England, Scotland, France, and everywhere I have been, that seems to be their task. They walk humbly, deal justly and honor God. It is the most fitting epitaph of a lady or gentleman that they have fulfilled these things. Other standards, social and ethical, may intrude, but the above words from Holy Writ epitomize to me the distilled essence of the Divinity in human character.

Today is the day of testing for so many institutions. Civilization, in its complexities, has caused many doubts to be cast upon the superstructure, civil, ecclesiastical and governmental, upon which it has been staged. The need of a sane and contenting philosophy of spirit and mind has been often discussed. To me it seems that The Army is in this respect a great character stabilizer. It offers an outlet for the age-old urge to self-expression and an opportunity to help some less fortunate person.

I believe that through the opportunity to serve others, there is created a bettered mental outlook. The average human being enjoys himself most in the pleasure his personality, gifts or goodwill confers upon others. Indeed, there is much "selfish" pleasure in



being completely unselfish, and it is to be highly recommended as a diversion.

Most of the trouble in the world, much of the misunderstanding, and a great deal of the misery results from thoughtlessness. We can all recall people who said regretfully, "I did not think!"—indeed, if we are quite honest with ourselves, we can recall many actions of our own where the confession of thoughtlessness was a wretched apology. It is just possible that we are finally going to breed a race of men and women who will interpret Christianity by their activities. The essence of the Faith of Jesus of Nazareth is gradually permeating through human society, and

human beings to-day are vastly more kindly towards each other than they were a few generations ago. Witness the work of each Army Corps and the reaction of the general public to it.

As an ex-officer of the Canadian Corps, I can recall many services rendered to all ranks by The Army in (Cont. in col. 2, page 23)



UZ AND HAVILAH, fellow-students of the sciences and arts, lived near the easternmost point of the south coast of Arabia. To the accounts of knowledge inherited from their ancestors, they had added the fruits of their own studies, with the result that they quickly acquired an enviable reputation for wisdom among their people. Suddenly they discovered a new star, and this was accompanied by certain signs which indicated that, concurrently with its appearance, a king had been born in a country to which the orb pointed. They had much conversation about this event and this aroused desire to see the new king.

Further experiments strengthened the conviction that this was an opportunity for which they had waited, and they agreed that one of them should make the venture that would definitely assess the value of their theories. Documents containing all particulars of the discovery, carefully-drawn planispheres, some precious metals which would pass as currency in any land and that accepted as a symbolical offering to the young king, if he should be found, were provided for the journey, and Havilah, he being the elder, set out for his unknown destination.

Two years later he returned, a much-travelled man, to tell this story:

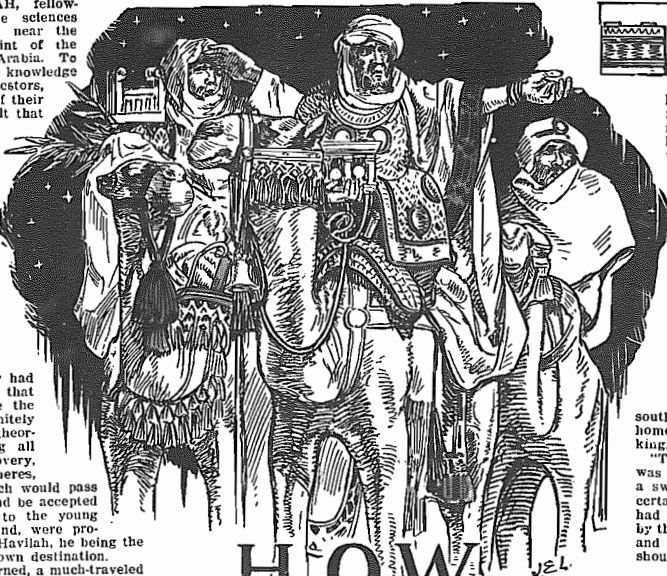
"After a week of journeying towards a point 'twixt north and west, I found myself in the heart of our desert of Arabia, and it was with vast relief that I accepted for some days the protection of a caravan of traders, which overtook me near a mount named Sephar. From the men I learned that beyond our great desert lay a lesser, known as the Syrian Waste, and that beyond it were a few small countries bordering the Great Sea. After a few days the traders, who had wares for Mesopotamia, turned through the hills toward the east of north, leaving me to pursue my way westward.

"It was not unaccompanied, however, for two other travelers fell out of the company and joined me, and it transpired that we were all three astrologers—they from the Hadramant region at the far south-west corner of our desert, famous for the production of frankincense and myrrh, and I from this south-east extremity. When I learned that they also were making an expedition in order to substantiate an announcement they had made, I began to suspect that we were all upon the same errand.

"However, we decided to keep together until our mission should be ended, and so it came about that, in company, we entered a country beyond the deserts. For some nights a slight variation in the position of the stars upon which we had depended for guidance had perplexed us, but when, on our first night in the new land, we noticed that our guide star occupied a place in the midst of the group of stars from which it had previously taken direction, we concluded that we must now be in the land we sought.

"We journeyed at once to the royal palace, and made known the occasion of our visit. To our surprise our interview at first caused the king embarrassment, but after he had called to his presence advisers, who pointed out that ancient instructors of the nation had indicated a certain small town south of the capital as the honored birthplace of a future famous King, his Majesty, after dismissing his advisers, began to regard us with cordiality, assuring us of his own interest in our enterprise, and granting us every facility for continuing our search in his dominion. Then he bade us, when we had found the child, return to him with all particulars, as he also was desirous of honoring Him.

"In a small town, five miles from the government city, we stayed at an inn. Later that night



HOW HAVILAH HEARD THE STORY



an unusual commotion was made in the yard by the arrival of a band of shepherds, who, we learned, had for some days been pasturing their sheep on the slopes outside the town. These declared that as they were abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock, an angelic being had come to them. The vision had thrown them into a state of fear. Upon seeing this the angel said unto them: 'Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born a Saviour, and thus shall you know Him—the babe will be wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.'

"These men, who agreed in every detail of their story, went on to add that, before they had time to consider the matter, there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising their God and singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill.'

"The vision, they said, passed, and, appointing one of their number to remain with the flock, they had come into the town to see the new King. While they were relating these facts, one entered a stable where cattle were kept, and, seeing a young woman and her husband, was about to apologize and withdraw, when he saw an infant lying in a manger exactly as described by the angel. Thereupon he called his companions, and 'when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.'

"When my companions and I went to tend our beasts," continued Havilah, "we discussed the strange story we had heard. Gradually, however, the conversation turned to the brilliancy of some constellation and then it was that we missed our guiding star, which eventually an upward glance



located immediately overhead. We regarded this somewhat as a phenomenon, its original position having been much nearer the horizon, but with that upward glance had come revelation, for we then realized that we were already near to the King, and we decided to seek audience of the royal Babe.

"We arose early and brought the frankincense and myrrh and gold into the presence of the Child. As we laid our offerings before Him, a conviction came of an ecstatic benediction came upon us, coupled with a feeling that we had been unusually honored in achieving such success in our mission. Acting upon instructions which we each received that night in a dream, we journeyed to the south of the kingdom, and from the homeward, without returning to the king.

"The rest of our homeward journey was uneventful except that, at one point, a swift messenger who passed us gave certain news of our journey which he had come and spoke of an order made by the king that every child of two years and under in the town we had left should be slain."—R.W.

The Empty Stocking

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE! The Christmas decorations shone through the windows of the house across the street. It was a lovely house, too, but, oh, how quiet! There were only grandfather and grandmother living there all alone.

This night they sat thinking of the days of long ago, when the children ran up and down. They could hear in fancy the shouts of merry voices, and visualize the rows of stockings hung by the fireplace. What happy days those were! Santa Claus had long ago ceased to visit them; his time was now occupied with the houses where children lived.

But at Smith's, what a different sight! A woman sat all alone knitting beside the hearth, and sadly gazed at the little row of stockings which the children had hung there. The father was dead and as they had talked of what they would receive, she tried to tell them that this year Santa Claus would not come, but she had not had the courage. If she but had the money for something for them—but the tears fell fast on her knitting.

Just then a knock came to the door. Mrs. Smith brushed away her tears, and with trembling fingers lifted the latch, then started forward in surprise and gladness, for there stood grandmother and grandfather, with their arms filled with parcels. She rubbed her eyes to make sure she was not mistaken, and grandmother said, "We've come to borrow some stockings to fill, because since all our little ones have gone we have missed it all so much, and we thought we might tempt Santa Claus back again if you had some stockings to spare."

What a wonderful time they had preparing for the morning when they would celebrate the Birthday of Christ, our Saviour King. There was the big doll for Elsie, and the coaster sled for Jim, and that train about which little Bob had talked for so long, besides all the little presents, candy and nuts, which they were sure to bring. And such a Happy Christmas they had next day, after all the sorrow and grief and tears.

We who are able may make our Christmas the happiest by helping those less fortunate.



THE SALVATION ARMY

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of

The Salvation Army
in Canada East, Newfoundland
and Bermuda

Founder **General**
WILLIAM **BRAMWELL**
BOOTH **BOOTH**
Territorial Commander:
Lieut.-Commissioner William
Maxwell,

James and Albert Sts., Toronto

No. 2254. December 24th

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Subscription Rates: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas Issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50, prepaid. All Editorial Communications should be addressed to the Editor.

From

The Editor's Desk

To all our readers we wish a Happy Christmas. May the peace of God reign in your hearts and the joy of Salvation be yours.

We are reminded at this season that "God gave a gift to earth—a Child." To-day all the earth is filled and ringing with praises to God for the same; for the Child grew, became a Man and bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and lives to-day, the Prince of Peace. Let us serve Him with gladness and do our utmost to extend His Kingdom.

It is only right that we should give credit where credit is due, and say that the greater portion of this special number was prepared by Brigadier Taylor before he farewelled from Toronto. We think our readers will agree that it is an admirable production.

"Their works do follow them"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST.
"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$..... (or my property, known as No..... in the City or Town of.....) to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

OR: "I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of the said William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in (Rescue or other) work, carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply to
LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER WM. MAXWELL,
20 Albert Street,
Toronto 2.

THE SALVATION ARMY

Activities in Eighty-Two Countries and Colonies

Corps and Outposts	14,719	Women's Industrial Homes	131
Social Institutions and Agencies	1,512	Accommodation	4,519
Day Schools	1,028	Women received into Homes during year	9,793
Officers and Cadets	22,847	Children's Homes	97
Local Officers	97,598	Accommodation	4,758
Bandsmen & Songsters	86,735	Crochets	25
Young People's Bandsmen	11,059	Industrial Schools	20
Periodicals Published	108	Accommodation	1,270
Total Copies per issue	1,881,327	Ex-prisoners' Homes	15
Languages in which Salvation is preached	59	Accommodation	642
Naval and Military Homes and Hostels	27	Ex-criminals received during year	2,741
Inebriates' Homes	6	Labor Bureaux	160
Accommodation	236	Applied for work during the year	345,761
Maternity Homes	64	Situations found during year	167,377
Accommodation	2,153		

Salvation Army Christmas

As those men of long ago
Bowed themselves before Thee,
Lord, I come bending low;
Saviour, listen to me.

All my guilty past I leave,
All the wrong that hindered;
I forsake the evil path
In which for years I lingered.

Thou hast promised peace to me,
If I come believing;
Christ of Bethlehem, I believe;
Just now I'm Thee receiving.

Carry on, Grey Coats, and Blue

(Continued from page 21)

France. Things that marked The Army as broad and tolerant of weakness and abounding in the grace of spirit which gives first and enquires afterwards, the acceptance of a man's word when he needed something and cash was low, the ready willingness to put the Organization as a whole all over the world at the service of some man to give him or his loved ones security or protection. It came out of the war as a religious institution in this respect at most of the world's good-will of everyone it served. You who are carrying on today represent the old generation who served in the trial and tumult of war and those who came along to "carry on."

The Salvation Army has still as great a task as in its rich and storied past, an outpost of the Kingdom of God and a Scouting Patrol in the Front Line of human rescue work. Its Soldiers are in every land the respected and honored vanguard of that higher life which is within the compass of every one of us who realizes that duty and unselfishness is the keynote of life.

One of your greatest admirers is my friend, Captain (the Rev.) Father Hamel, who states that he observed closely all the field service of The Army. "All can respect it," he states quite simply and frankly. From every source I have heard much the same sentiments and I am delighted to respect The Army. Down in the United States at a noon luncheon, at which I was a speaker, I was preceded by a Field Officer, a Miss MacIntyre, who had served with the United States Army overseas. Such was my delight at the charm, distinction and bearing of Miss MacIntyre, that I successfully pleaded to be allowed to get off the program and was able to do so. It was a pleasure when she concluded to be asked to move a vote of thanks. I did, and while I don't remember what the object of the meeting was, I know there was a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm for the campaign.

The present Governor-General, Lord Willington, was intimate with the late General, and is one of his greatest admirers. I hope sometime that he can be heard speaking of the early impressions he gained.

This little article is nearly finished, and so much one might say must remain to be expended whenever and wherever I can get anyone to listen. I count The Army and its Officers as one of the great world while contacts of life. I know I am unfitted for its ranks, but Salvationists have never made that a barrier to friendship. We may travel different paths, but on the road of the Good Samaritan I know I will find grey-coated figures or blue "carrying on," and it may be that they will allow their admirer to be of help.

To Our Friends

Our Christmas and Easter Numbers reach thousands of friends who would, we are sure, like to have more news of what God is helping the Organization to do for the betterment of the world. THE WAR CRY may be obtained without cost from local Corps, or by subscription sent direct to The Publisher, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

Any friends desirous of studying the doctrines, principles, and methods of The Salvation Army, can obtain books by its Founder and The Army Mother, by the present General and Mrs. Booth, or by leading Officers, from the Trade Secretary at Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

Inquiries concerning anything connected with The Salvation Army will gladly be answered if addressed to Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell, Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2. Statements of Accounts and Balance Sheets, which, duly audited by firms of repute, are published annually, will be forwarded upon application.

Friends who desire that the work of The Salvation Army shall benefit under their wills, will be given any information desired, direct or through their legal advisers.

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe and will befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address, in the case of men, Colonel William Morehen, and in the case of women, Lieut.-Colonel DesBrisay, 20 Albert St., Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army intending to go to Europe, will find it desirable to their advantage to book passage with The Salvation Army Immigration Department. Bookings from the British Isles can also be arranged. Address your communication to: The Resident Secretary, 1225 University Street, Montreal, or to the Secretary, 16 Albert St., Toronto; 365 Ontario St., London, Ont.; 97 Brydges St., Moncton, N.B.; 114 Beekwith Street, Smith's Falls, Ont.; 608 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.

Our Trade Department

The necessity of Trading operations in The Army must have been borne in upon the heart and mind of our Founder, otherwise such a thing would never have come into being. The need which brought about the commencement of such has grown with the development of The Army.

OUR DESIRE is the same as that which predated our appearing at its inception, viz., to be of service to our comrades. OUR aim, too, is the same, to be of making our comrades and friends feel that in buying from The Army they are buying with confidence, feeling that the prices are just and the goods the best. Such, as well as exactly the same as the one adopted by our grand old Founder when he started this section of operations, i.e., "Every penny profit helps to save the world."

The question is asked in a very valuable and highly worthy Salvation Army publication:

"Why should the Salvationist patronise the Trade Department?"

Answer — "The Salvationist ought to buy everything he needs from The Trade Department, if it has it to sell; and he may do so with the comfortable feeling that he is helping the cause, for he is dealing with honesty, but that if ten cents profit is the result, it will go towards extending the Kingdom of Jesus Christ."



Courtesy Canadian Pacific Ry. Co.

A Beauty Spot in the Canadian Rockies—The Giant's Steps, near Lake Louise